Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

J. H. Vincent, Editor. | [Vol. II, No. 6.] NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1886. [Whole No. 32.] | Phillips & Hunt, Publishers.

MINUTES: AN IRREGULAR SONNET.

BY GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

MINUTES are bricks that build each day's fair wall,—
One crumbling, worthless brick may ruin all.
Minutes are gems to sparkle in life's crown,—
One fractured gem may mar a life's renown.
Minutes are crystal cubes in time's mosaic,—
One lost, like some lost symbol algebraic,
Confounds the problem, wrecks the costly pattern,
And leaves the gifted soul a brilliant slattern.
Minutes are coin-blanks, struck by dies eternal,
To bear for aye the stamp of good eternal,
Or hold, deep-driven, an infamy infernal!
Minutes are beads, of jeweled splendor rare,
Strung in life's rosary, a necklace fair;
O may I count each one with toil and prayer!

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER VI.

WILL was astounded. He had not been to church with his father, his mother was too anxious about him. She kept him at home to be dosed with pellets, and petted on the sofa, which he by no means enjoyed, but was just weak and listless enough to submit to. But he could not disbelieve Miss Malvina, and he could not call her the names he called Jack; so he only sulked, and having once abused his cousin hated him because he had; for it is an odd thing in human nature that when one man injures another he always hates that person afterward, unless he repents and tries to atone for his sin. It is not the injured man who remembers and resents half as often as the other; and I suppose this is the reason that the apostle said, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink;" not merely to melt that enemy down with kindness, but also to put into our own hearts the kindly feeling that always follows a generous act, and makes it so much more blessed to give than receive.

So Will brooded how to "get even," as he phrased it, with his cousin. Where the unevenness lay between them he did not stop to think, but he did think how good it would be if he could make Jack do something his mother would disapprove.

By this time the summer was well along, and the corn fields about Hexham began to hang out silky tassels above the ripening ears, and then the silk grew dry and brown, sign of the full-formed ears within.

Andrew Marsh, the biggest boy in Mr. Kent's school, had all summer made a crony of Will Boyd, who was at least three years younger than he, and was delighted to be taken up by the leader of the school; not the leader in good, or in study, but in all kinds of fun and mischief, especially if they bordered on defiance of law and transgression of duty. He skated just as near the edge of wrong as he dared, and always had a plausible excuse ready if he were found out. Now he had delighted Will's soul with his description of a corn-roast he had shared at home last vacation, for he had been at another school where the term ended earlier than here at Hexham, Mr. Kent preferring to rest in September, and the parents of his scholars quite willing to be spared the care of their sons at the sea-side or mountains whither they resorted in August.

"Say!" eagerly exclaimed Will, after hearing Andy's story, "can't we have one here? It'll be such a lark. There's lots of corn on the Lake farm, and there's the island; we could make a fire on those rocks."

"That's so, you young brick; and next week's full moon, too. Who shall we take along?"

"O I don't care. Yes, I do. I want Jack."

"That goody youngster. Why, his ma's apron-string isn't long enough to reach to the lake," said Andrew, with a comical drawl that set Will laughing.

"That's just why I want him, Andy. He's too big a piece of perfection. If his ma could just catch him tripping once he couldn't always and forever be puttin' on airs at the rest of us."

Boys, did you ever think when you try to make another boy do wrong that you are working for Satan? He, too, does not like the goodness that reproves evil just by being good. Are you glad to belong to the devil's army?

It took some planning to devise their escape from the house at night and their safe return before morning, but Andrew had done such things before. He knew how to drop oil into locks, and sneak down creaky stairs in stocking feet, and he could provide salt, and butter, and matches the day before, when it would be his turn to fetch the mail, and hide them under the steps in a tin pail. Only four boys were to go—George Shepard, a hearty, good-natured fellow, overflowing with fun, and an orphan whose grandparents thought their duty was done toward him when they sent him to a good family school, Will, Andrew, and Jack.

Jack suspected nothing when Andrew and Will took him into their fun and games with unusual civility and fellowship. But he was a little surprised when Will unfolded his plans.

"Why, will they let us go?" he asked, naturally.

"There's nothing against goin' out at night in the rules, is there?"

Jack could not remember that there was. In fact, Mr. Kent's rules were few. He did not want to make laws and have them broken. He trusted perhaps too much to the boys' sense of honor, but it is better to trust too much than to trust too little; at least it gives to scholars an instinctive respect for the character that is too noble to suspect evil or expect rebellion.

"But why don't you tell Miss Malvina?" asked Jack.

"O she'd want to have us take all the fellers, she's so soft about their bein' left out. Don't you know how put out she was when pa came and took us to the m'nagerie to see Jumbo? She was just ready to bawl, I do believe, because the rest couldn't go."

"Why can't they go with us, Will?"

"Me and Andrew don't want 'em," said Will. "Besides, we don't want to st— to pick corn for a dozen, an' lug it onto the island."

* Copyright, 1886, by PHILLIPS & HUNT.

Jack looked at him sharply; the half-uttered word had startled him.

"Is Mr. Brown goin' to let you have the corn?" he asked.

"Ho! he always does! same as pickin' up apples in the lot. What's a dozen ears out of a big lot?"

Plausible and specious enough, but yet a lie. The commander for whom Will was enlisting followers does not fail to help his servants out with bribes and persuasive statements.

"I wonder if mother would let me!" said honest Jack.

"She never said you mustn't, did she?" answered Will, repeating his argument.

"No; but I don't know. I wish I'd got time to write and ask her."

This was just what Will did not intend he should have.

"Nonsense! Just as if there was any harm in roastin' corn and eatin' it, and the moonlight just like day, it'll be so bright. We don't have time for any fun day-times. It's all school, school!"

Boys can tell how pleasant this project seemed to Jack. The pretty little lake with its rocky island, and the narrow sand-spit they must wade along to reach it, for in a dry year the island became only a peninsula. The moonlight that took away the vague dread of darkness that might have been disagreeable; the Robinson Crusoe-like plan of a fire of twigs and boughs gathered on the wood-edge; and then the roast corn, brown and sweet, made savory with salt and butter, and abundant enough to satisfy even a school-boy's appetite.

All this tempted Jack strongly. His conscience was uneasy. Will's arguments had only partially appeased it. If he had been stronger of principle, more often tried by tempting sin, that conscience would have made itself heard. But he was glad to entertain Will's view of the question. He did not want to hear the little inner voice that said,

"Don't!"

There is an old French proverb that says the castle which parleys—that is, listens to the proposals of surrender from the enemy—is sure to be taken, and it is so with our souls. To listen to the arguments of sin leads to our sinning.

I am so sorry to tell of it, but Jack said "Yes" instead of "No."

So on Wednesday night, when the hall clock struck eleven, and all the household were supposed to be asleep, the four boys silently dressed themselves and stole down stairs on tiptoe in their stockinged feet, their shoes in hand. The old stairs creaked here and there with their weight, but whenever a sound was heard they all stopped and were quite still for a minute as Andrew had directed, and if the sleepers roused and listened they soon slept again, hearing nothing further.

The key turned without any noise, for Andrew was the first to go down, and had oiled it well with a long feather. And when they had all crept out into the clear, beautiful moonshine, the tin pail was brought from under the steps, and, putting on their shoes, they proceeded to the corn field.

But there was something in the silence, the chill of night, the unnatural hour of sleeplessness that daunted Jack's spirits, and made his pleasure vague. Boys like to yell and run and laugh and caper when they are enjoying a frolic, and it is the natural outcome of their young spirits. But they couldn't do it now. Nobody must hear them. This secrecy had a shadow of guilt about it that further oppressed one boy's smothered conscience. It was not half so much of a "lark" as he expected. The true "lark" is a bird of light and sunshine.

Pretty soon, with dew-wet feet and chilled fingers, they came to the corn field.

"Help yourselves, boys! Six ears apiece and one to spare is the very lowest figure. Nobody'll hear us, the house is off on the upper road."

Jack wondered why he said this, if there was no harm in taking the corn, but quieted himself with the supposition that Andrew didn't want to wake any one out of their sleep.

He had already begun to learn self-deceit—the first step in that downward path that leads to the source of lies.

When the corn was picked they took the shortest way to the lake, and when they came to the sand-spit, took off shoes and stockings and waded over with their arms full of ears.

The fire was soon built, for, to their burden of corn, each had added a few dry sticks from the edge of the woods, and Andrew had made camp-fires before. When the coals were glowing red the husked ears were set up against an old rail to roast, and the boys began to enjoy themselves. Here they could laugh and talk at leisure, tell stories, and sing songs, and the corn, being left unturned, burned at least one side to a crisp, but the other side was watched more carefully, and soon distributed to the guests.

It really was not nice, but nobody would own it. Jack's appetite was soon sated—half-burned green corn is rather a satiating repast.

But before they had finished suddenly the moon ceased to light them. They had not noticed a heavy cloud that had risen behind the woods on the west bank of the lake, and now had hidden the moon in their dense blackness. A low roll of thunder muttered in the distance, a strong wind blew cold across the water.

"By Jinks, boys, we've got to run for it!" shouted Andrew, and his comrades, dropping their corn and forgetting to take off their shoes and stockings, plunged into the shallow water above the sand-spit, and, with streaming feet sopping up and down in their heavy, water-loaded shoes, scampered away over the pastures and plowed fields on a bee-line for the house, stumbling over stumps, falling through old fences, scrambling in the darkness through briers, ditches, and mudholes, helped now and then by the white glare of lightning flashes,but one and all preferring to grope in the dark rather than have the aid of that awful brightness and hear the deafening roar of the thunder.

Scratched, bruised, wet through with the rain which began to pour about half-way from home, chilled from the change in the atmosphere, breathless, and, truth to tell, horribly frightened, they clustered round Andrew as he silently unlatched the hall door, and with trembling steps crept up the stair.

Just as they reached the hall above a door opened quickly, and Miss Malvina came out of it with a lamp in her hand.

[*To be continued.*]

SATURNINUS.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

"COME here, Set!"

Miss Lennox lifted a tired face out of tired hands and spoke with a kind of discouraged patience. It was the fourth time that week that Set Garvin had "stayed in" for high crimes and misdemeanors. This time it was potato popguns.

Set came. He usually did what he was told to do; refrained also from doing those things which he was expressly commanded not to do. The trouble was with that vast multitude of unconsidered trifles that nobody ever thought of forbidding beforehand.

Miss Lennox looked with grieved gray eyes into the boy's stolid, putty-colored face. It looked almost innocent—what she could see of it. His spelling-book covered his mouth and chin, and the freckle on the end of his pug nose.

"Don't you—didn't you—*ever* want to be good, Set?" she asked, with a half-despairing accent of entreaty. She was at her wits' end. There was no use in whipping Set any more. So she repeated it softly, "Didn't you, Set? Ever? Just for a change?"

Set chewed his spelling-book reflectively.

"Onct," he said, laconically, at last.

"When was that?" gasped Miss Lennox, with a flicker of amusement about her sensitive, tired mouth.

"Time I clumb up Jerry Swartout's apple-tree and he sawed me off."

"Sawed *what*, Set?"

"Chopped me down," exclaimed Set, calmly. "Said fer me ter come down, and I said fer him ter go ter (a jerk of the thumb supplied the hiatus), and then he said how't he'd teach me. Took a nax and chopped. Guess he didn't mean to chop me down, but he did. Kind o' rotten that tree was."

The empty school-room was so still that it echoed his teacher's faint laugh.

"Set," she said, severely, after a minute, "there isn't an apple-tree in the Black Hills, hardly."

"Naw," said the boy, calmly, "I lived in Massachusetts that time. Broken leg takes an awful long while."

"And that was the time when you thought you'd begin to be a better boy?"

She said it very softly, hoping she had found the key to his heart through this long conference.

"Ye'm," said Set, without sentiment.

"And did you?"

"Naw," he answered, looking carelessly over his shoulder. "I got well."

The little teacher's eyes followed his glance apprehensively. It was a lonely place—that school-room—and Miss Lennox was only a timid little Yankee school-ma'am who had come to "the land of the Dacotahs" in mortal terror of the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage.

Spotted Tail himself would have been quite as welcome as the intruder she did see—a tall, bony, angry woman. O how she seemed to tower in that darkening door-way. And under her blue-checked apron she carried a stout rawhide.

"You needn't be scart!" volunteered the stranger with gruff graciousness. "It's my boy I'm after!" And she made a motherly clutch at him, but he sank in a cowardly heap at his teacher's feet and covered himself with her dress.

This mute appeal woke up all the woman in her.

"Have a chair, Mrs. Garvin," she said, hospitably, handing one. "I think you must be Set's mother, and I want to talk some things over with you."

"Ben cuttin' up some more, has he?" cried the irate mother. "*I* told the committee-man how't he needn't 'spel him from the school'us' nor turn him out-doors nuther. I'd see to my own boy. And I will, what's more. I expected it and come prepared when he didn't come home by four o'clock let out. You jest tell me what he's been a-doin'!"

"O, is that all?" said Miss Lennox, lightly. "I'm afraid I've made poor Set trouble when I needn't. I was just talking over some of his Massachusetts experiences with him and laughing at them. Besides—*don't* stand, Mrs. Garvin!—we were having a real *good* talk, weren't we, Set? Your boy, Mrs. Garvin, is just like the rest of us, and has his times of wanting to turn over a new leaf and be good; and we were just talking about it."

Mrs. Garvin looked at her in unmitigated astonishment. She sank helplessly into the offered chair and looked as if amazement had taken away the power of speech.

"You're the first livin' person this five year that's said a good word to me about Set!" she cried, grasping the teacher's little hand with a grip that made her rings ache. Her coarse features worked strongly and tears actually stood in those red and angry eyes.

"Poor boy!" said Miss Lennox, involuntarily. "Is it so bad as that? Come here, Set, and tell me."

But Set, with one sheepish look at his mother, vanished through the open door, and the two women had their talk out together.

"Come and see us now," begged the mother earnestly at parting, giving the teacher's hand another of those agonizing shakes. "May be if you git kind of 'quainted he'll take to ye. *I'm* all discouraged out, being his mother; but sometimes seems if strangers can do where own folks can't."

"I can't get *at* the poor boy," half mused the teacher, sorrowfully. "Nothing seems to hold his heart. If I could only find something that he cared about. I've prayed a great deal over Set lately, but he wont promise me any thing."

"Nobody to our 'us' can manage him but Popsy," remarked Mrs. Garvin. "She could ride him bare-back!"

"Popsy" was the baby. It is wonderful what a winsome little maid the Lord drops down into rough, rude homes sometimes, as if he wanted to win them to sweetness and whiteness by the sight of it.

"Dirt wont stick to her," Mrs. Garvin said proudly, the first time the teacher called and set about making friends with the child, dainty and kissable that minute in her pink calico tier. "She's just like one o' them blue-bells a swingin' out there 'mongst the rocks and weeds, grows up right where it happens, but keeps its own color, no matter what. Kind o' rests me to look at her sometimes. I've seen Set get up 'fore now, and go and wash his hands 'fore he'd take her."

"Where is Seth?" asked Miss Lennox, trying to give him the benefit of a real name.

"Set?" Saturninus his name is. Odd, aint it? His father liked Frenchy, high-sounding names;—always had his head in some French novel or other. Then he was born a Saturday and *that* seemed quite a providence. So he would call him Saturninus. Set? O I don't know. Off with a raft o' pesky boys, I warrant."

She twitched the words out with vicious emphasis. She glared angrily at her visitor as if she were to blame for his whereabouts. And then she threw her ample check apron over her head and began to cry as heart-brokenly as any other mother over her boy's misdoings.

Miss Lennox essayed to comfort her, but with small success. Popsy came and put up two coaxing lips and wiped her tears away with dimpled thumbs.

"Don't 'ee ky, mozzer! Who 'peak 'e naughty word and mate her ky? Tell Popsy so her can go kill 'em!"

Even this precious bit of sweetness failed to reduce the apron. But Popsy laid siege to it in such good earnest that it presently surrendered at discretion. The one thing Popsy *wouldn't* stand was to see her mother cry.

"He's be'n drinking, Miss Lennox," said the mother, huskily, with a hard, dry sob that was worse than the crying. "My *boy—mine!* That I used to rock so and sing to! He was the *peartest* baby, Set was! He was the fust one, and I always looked to see him president or something."

"O I am so sorry!" cried Miss Lennox, but it was sorrow, and not surprise, that called out the exclamation. It was no news to her; she had made more than one unsuccessful attempt to "get at" poor Set lately. She had seen him intoxicated within that very week; yet she said, for comfort's sake, "Are you *certain?* So many other boys, you know—"

"*See* him," said the mother, laconically, "with my own two eyes. I was coming along up by Spicer's in the edge of the evening. I'd sent Set down there 'long about noon after some sugar and things. I knew they had a bar in the back part the store—all the grocery stores have 'em—but I never thought any thing. Set he never come home, and I thought I'd clap on my bunnit and run over. Like's not he'd got to playing marbles or something and forgot it. I didn't go in. They warn't no need to. Set was layin' out there on the door-step dead—O I wish it hadn't been nothin' *but* dead! but there he was, dead *drunk!* And it's over'n over," pursued the poor woman, seeing Miss Lennox sat mournfully silent. "Seem's ef 'twas jest like gittin' a taste of blood. It's *in* his blood, I s'pose, though it's an awful judgment on his father, seeing he's a reformed man this seven year. His father does *every thing*—threatens to break every bone in his body. Sometimes I mistrust about that being the best way. I used to lick him till he couldn't stand; lately I don't seem to have much heart to."

"No, indeed!" said Miss Lennox, and then there was a long silence, broken only by Popsy's sucking at a stick of pink and white candy she had given her.

"There's just one thing we *can* do—keep praying," said the teacher, as she rose to go.

"What? O yes! I useter once, when we lived in Massychusetts. You git kind of out the notion, living along this away, athout any minister nor meet'n' to go to."

Her tone was humble and wistful, and the touching look came into her face that she always wore when she reverted to the golden days "when we lived in Massychusetts." Miss Lennox thought she detected a tinge of a diviner homesickness, and instantly seized her opportunity.

"Why, then we'll pray together," she said, kindly. "I don't wonder you feel discouraged; you've had a long, hard time and a lonely struggle. But I want you to get right back to the Lord and rest in his arms, and let him carry you and your husband and Set and every thing else. He wants to!"

"Will he make Set sign the pledge?" demanded the poor mother with wet eyes and eager lips.

"Ye-es—I don't know! And any way *signing* the pledge isn't all—"

"'Twould be with Set," cried the mother. "Set never broke a promise—wont promise 'less he's a mind to—but he says a thing and sticks to it. I'll pray fer *that*—and you see 't *you* do!"

Miss Lennox left the house with a heavier heart than she had yet carried in the Black Hills. She had seen other boys drunk, and no doubt they had made their mothers sorry. But she must save Set—she felt as if "old Massychusetts" laid the burden on her. How should she win him? How get that steadfast promise? He had bluntly refused for months to have any thing to do with temperance meetings, "blue ribbons," or pledges.

It was growing dusk. Her walk led her along a steep cliff where a roaring "stamp-mill" poured out its treasures of gold and loads of rifled ore. A long series of steep stairs led to the valley below. She hesitated an instant, wondering if it were safe to descend.

"All right if you hurry, ma'am!" shouted a miner, cheerfully. "Five minutes before the 'fire.'"

She ran hastily down the first flight, the second, was half-way down the third, when a sweet, *terrible* sound made her look back.

At the top of the first flight stood Popsy. She was bare-headed and her long, yellow curl floated out like crinkled sunshine. One shoe had come off—she was holding it in her hand—and she called out in a sweet, coaxing voice that might wheedle the heart out of a miser, "Has 'oo dot some any more tanny in 'oo pottit, Miss Yummox?"

"Yes, O yes!" cried the lady. "Come *quick—fast!* O!"

It was death, perhaps, to go back and meet those flying stones. Well, she went. Popsy's little limping feet came slowly. She dropped her shoe and stopped to pick it up. Something darted up the stairs, snatched her, rushed down one, two, three flights, then suddenly swerved aside and threw her on the ground, covering and shielding her from the danger. Already had been the cry of "Fire!" There was the instant's fearful pause, and then the dull thud and thunder of the under-ground blast, followed by shaking and quaking of the hills around and the sharp, rattling hail of riven stones. They flew all about and over them. A few hit them glancingly.

The shower of stones ceased. Miss Lennox lay still a moment, and then tried to get up with Popsy. A sudden faintness came over her, but Popsy pulled her up to see somebody else tearing over the hill and down those steep stairs toward them. It was Set. He was bare-headed too, and his short, yellow hair made a blowsy aureole against the fading sky. Miss Lennox caught one startled glimpse of him and fainted in spite of Popsy.

Set rushed away and rushed back with a hatful of yellow water. It was muddy with gold-dust, but it answered the purpose. Miss Lennox sat up and let Set bathe her hands in that dirty water, for he must do something. He was ready to go on all night drenching her to show his gratitude.

"I'll do any thing in *this* world for *you*, Miss Lennox!" he cried, ardently. "I see the whole business. I was up to the top there and the men held onto me! Mother sent me out to look for Popsy, and I was hunting round the prospect holes for fear she'd dropped in, and I see ye! I'll do any thing in *this* world—"

"*Will* you, Set?" cried his teacher, grasping his hand warmly. "Will you, honest and true?"

Her eyes were full of light. Her cheeks were pink—where they weren't *yellow*. Catch her needing any more of that brick-colored water!

"Yes, I will," said Set, wondering a little at her eagerness.

"Will you sign the pledge, Set? And keep it—because I kept Popsy for you?"

She wasn't going to abate one jot or tittle of her claim on this boy she had so longed to save. The answer came more slowly this time, but it was "honest and true;" you couldn't doubt it.

"Yes, I will, Miss Lennox."

And he did. They went home together in a triumphal procession. Mrs. Garvin made her stay to supper and cried into the "fry-cakes" all the time she was making them. But they were tears of joy; and, in fact, the only one who didn't seem particularly happy was little Miss Popsy. She couldn't make up her mind to forgive Miss Lennox.

"Her'm f'owed me down and *chod* on me and setted yi' down on me," she complained, indignantly. "And her'm *never* haved any tanny in her pottit fen her said her *had!*"

"ALL YE THAT LABOR."

Matt. 11. 28.

"All ye that labor." That means thou and I—
For who escapes the curse Jehovah gave?
Each heart must labor in its path of life,
There is no rest upon this side the grave.

He knows our weariness, and calls to us,
Rest is so precious; and we are so tired;
Who can say nay, when Jesus offers us
The rest we crave, the boon we have desired?

—*Mary Knapp.*

THE SLOOP VS. THE CUTTER.

BY H. B. ANDERSON.

III.

This paper will be devoted to last year's races and matters connected with them. And it will be divided into several heads, as follows: The *America's* Cup and the conditions attached to its possession; the *Priscilla* and *Puritan* and the trial races; the *Puritan* and *Genesta* and the cup races.

The *America's* Cup was won in 1851 by the *America*, a vessel built to represent the American ship-building industry at the World's Fair held in England in that year. And in the words of the old deed of gift to the New York Yacht Club it was a cup "offered as a prize to be sailed for by yachts of all nations without regard to difference of tonnage, going around the Isle of Wight (the usual course for the annual regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron), and was won by the *America*, beating eight cutters and seven schooner yachts which started in the race." It was deeded to the New York Yacht Club by the original owners under the very general condition that it should be held as a challenge cup always, liable to a challenge from any yacht not less than thirty nor more than three hundred tons, under control of a member of any organized yacht club of any foreign country. When won the cup becomes the property of the club as representing which the winning yacht sailed.

I remember there was some questioning last fall as to who would get the cup in the event of the *Puritan's* winning. But

according to the deed of gift the defending vessel, while the cup is in possession of the New York Yacht Club, sails as the representative of that club, and the only way in which any other yacht club in this country can become possessed of it is by winning it back from some foreign club in the event of the foreign club's winning it from the New York Yacht Club. After holding the cup a few years the club, finding that under the then conditions they were exposed to the possibility of incurring much heavy and useless expense in defending the cup against challengers who would manifestly have no chance of success, gave back the cup into the possession of Mr. George L. Schuyler, the only survivor of the original donor; whereupon it was returned to the club under a new deed of gift which contained among others these two additional restricting clauses: "No vessel which has been defeated in a match for this cup can be again selected by any club for its representative until after a contest for it by some other vessel has intervened or until after the expiration of two years from the time such contest has taken place. Vessels intending to compete for this cup must proceed under sail on their own bottoms to the port where the contest is to take place." This last to preclude the possibility of transporting racing machines on ocean steam-ships and to insure the vessel's being an honest, sea-going craft. The stipulations as to challenging and the sailing regulations are as follows:

"The challenging party shall give six months' notice in writing, naming the day for the proposed race, which day shall not be less than seven months from the date of the notice.

"The parties intending to sail for the cup may, by mutual consent, make any arrangement satisfactory to both as to the date, course, time allowance, number of trials, rules, and sailing regulations, and any and all other conditions of the match, in which case also the six months' notice may be waived.

"In case the parties cannot mutually agree upon the terms of a match, then the challenging party shall have the right to contest for the cup in one trial, sailed over the usual course of the annual regatta of the club holding the cup, subject to the rules and sailing regulations, the challenged party not being required to name its representative until the time agreed upon for the start."

It should be particularly noticed that any such conditions as those under which the *Genesta* sailed last fall are altogether gratuitous, for all she could claim was one trial over the New York Yacht Club inside course, and no boat need have been named until the morning of the day on which the race took place. So much for the cup.

We will now turn our attention to the *Puritan* and *Priscilla* and the trial races. I give no dimensions here, as these will be found in the last paper, where a comparative table will be given showing the dimensions of all four sloops, the *Genesta* and *Galatea*.

The *Priscilla* is of iron, and was designed by A. Carey Smith, of *Fortuna* and *Mischief* fame, and built by Harlan & Hollingsworth Company at Wilmington, Delaware. The *Puritan* was designed by Edward Burgess, and built by Geo. Sundly & Sons, at South Boston. Before the trial races these yachts had met many times, for they together cruised in company with the New York Yacht Club on its annual cruise, and it had been pretty well established that the *Puritan* was the better boat in any thing short of a drifting match. There was no doubt but that the *Priscilla* could beat the *Puritan* at running, but she could not beat her much, and at windward work the *Puritan* was very greatly the *Priscilla's* superior. And the trial races proved that their estimate was a correct one.

The first race took place on August 21. This race was twenty miles to windward and return. And as the wind was south on that day the course was from a line drawn between Scotland Light-ship and a stake-boat anchored near it, twenty miles due south around a buoy, and return. The wind was fresh and the sea rather lumpy.

The yachts started in the following order:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Puritan	11	13	48	Bedouin	11	14	40
Priscilla	11	13	48	Gracie	11	14	06

The *Priscilla* had a little the best at first, but the *Puritan* soon passed her. The *Bedouin* picked up the *Priscilla* after the *Puritan* left her, and for a time decidedly outsailed her. Later the wind freshened and topmasts were housed, when the *Priscilla* took second place again. On the run home the *Priscilla* gained on the *Puritan*.

	Beat Out.			Turn.			Run Home.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Puritan	3	14	12	2	28	00	1	44	30
Priscilla	3	26	49	2	40	37	1	41	28
Bedouin	3	37	35	2	52	15	1	47	54
Gracie	3	59	07	3	13	10	1	43	29

	Elapsed Time.			Corrected Time.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Puritan	4	58	19	4	57	05
Priscilla	5	08	17	5	08	17
Bedouin	5	25	29	5	15	51
Gracie	4	42	33	5	32	58

The second race took place August 22. There was a very light and puffy breeze from the westward, and the sea was smooth with long ground-swell. The race was sailed over a triangular course from about the same starting-point off Scotland Light-ship. The course was from Scotland vessel south-east by east thirteen and one third miles, then south-west by west thirteen and one third miles, then back to Light-ship. On the first side with wind quartering the *Priscilla* beat the *Puritan*. On the second side the *Puritan* did better, but lost all her gain by breaking tacks with the *Priscilla*. On the run in the *Priscilla* again beat the *Puritan*.

The following are the times:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Puritan	12	25	45	Bedouin	12	27	03
Priscilla	12	26	27	Gracie	12	27	59

	First Turning.			Second Turning.			Finish.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Priscilla	2	16	05	5	30	54	6	32	53
Puritan	2	17	00	5	32	43	6	38	39
Gracie	2	29	47	6	00	36	7	12	34
Bedouin	2	41	40	6	00	25	7	26	10

	Elapsed Time.			Corrected Time.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Priscilla	6	06	26	6	06	26
Puritan	6	12	54	6	11	40
Gracie	6	45	34	6	35	59
Bedouin	6	59	10	6	49	32

The *Priscilla* beats the *Puritan* 6 min. 28 sec. actual and 5 min. 14 sec. corrected time.

Third Race.

The third race took place on August 24. The wind was south-south-west, about a six-knot breeze. The water was smooth. The course was the regular inside New York Yacht Club course as marked on the accompanying chart.

The *Puritan* gradually gained on the *Priscilla* until the run from Scotland Light-vessel to Sandy Hook vessel, and during this the *Priscilla* at times gained on the *Puritan*. During this time the wind hauled somewhat and blew from south-west. After rounding Sandy Hook vessel the *Puritan* gained rapidly until the very last part of the race, when she again had difficulty in doing more than holding what she had gotten.

The start was made as follows:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Puritan	10	50	28	Bedouin	10	51	01
Priscilla	10	50	30	Gracie	10	50	46

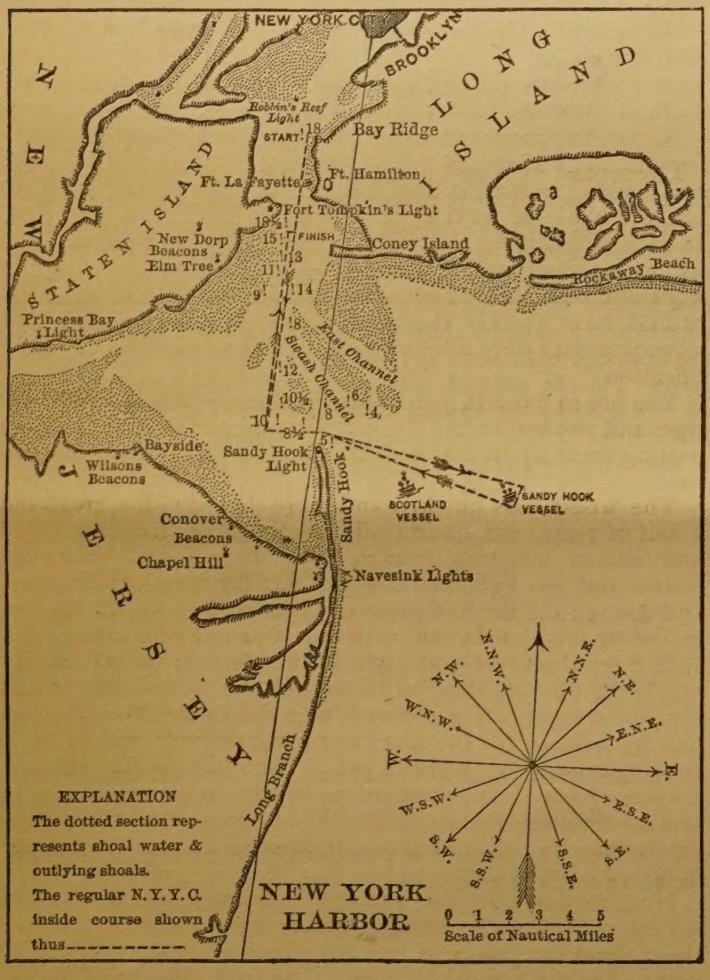
Rounding marks:

	Buoy 8 1-2.			Buoy 5.			Sandy Hook L. S.			Buoy 10 Return'g.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Puritan	12	02	45	12	11	05	12	51	50	2	04	28
Priscilla	12	04	10	12	13	03	12	53	01	2	06	10
Gracie	12	09	10	12	19	01	1	00	22	2	15	30
Bedouin	12	11	30	12	22	10	1	05	50	2	21	00

	Finish.			Elapsed Time.			Corrected Time.		
	H.	*M.*	*S.*	*H.*	*M.*	*S.*	*H.*	*M.*	*S.*
Puritan.....	2	43	05	3	52	37	3	51	26
Priscilla.....	2	43	48	3	53	18	3	53	18
Gracie.....	2	58	41	4	07	55	3	58	48
Bedouin.....	3	05	33	4	14	32	4	05	22

The *Puritan* beats the *Priscilla* 1 min. 52 sec. The *Priscilla* allows the *Puritan* 1 min. 11 sec.

The *Genesta* is a composite vessel; that is, she is built of wood over an iron frame. She was designed by J. Beavor Webb, and built at Glasgow by D. & W. Henderson. She showed herself to be a remarkably fast vessel, and I think it is safe to say that if on any of the race days there had been a very light breeze together with a heavy sea, she would in all probability have beaten the *Puritan*. I have always thought that perhaps one of the reasons which determined her owner



to bring her over was the success which the American cutter *Bedouin* had had in racing with the crack sloops of the New York Yacht Club. And assuredly if the *Puritan*, and possibly the *Priscilla*, had not been built, the result of the races would have been decidedly humiliating.

The first attempt at a race was made on September 7. There was a moderate north-west breeze blowing and the *Puritan* crossed the line at 1–35–56. There was at no time more than a seven-knot breeze blowing, and by four it had died away. The course was south-east twenty miles and return. In the early part of the race, while the wind was very light and the sea perfectly smooth, the *Puritan* gained on the *Genesta*, though the gain was very gradual. Later she gained decidedly, outfooting and outpointing her. This was at a time when there was a fair breeze.

The second attempt at a race was made on the following day. This attempt resulted in a collision. The wind was freshening from south-south-east. The start was made at 11:35 A. M. The *Genesta* was running for the stake-boat anchored north-east from Scotland Light-ship, the *Puritan* was to leeward and ahead, and coming about tried to pass across the *Genesta's* bow. It is a question whether it was an error of judgment or an attempt to bluff the Englishman out of his lead. At any rate the *Puritan* was entirely to blame. It is true that the *Genesta* might have avoided the collision by bearing away. This course, however, would have given her rival an advantage which it would have been dangerous to give her. The *Genesta* took the proper course in preventing her adversary from gaining an advantage she was not entitled to, and then refusing to take the race on a technicality, which she had an undoubted right to do.

The first race took place on September 14. The start was made at 10:30, and the race sailed over the New York Yacht Club inside course. Wind south-west and the sea smooth. At first the *Puritan* gained rapidly on the *Genesta*. Later the wind became flawy and puffy, and first the *Puritan* and then the *Genesta* got ahead. This was about three hours after the start. After passing Sandy Hook the breeze freshened until it became a ten-knot breeze. The *Puritan* made one long reach on the starboard tack from Scotland to Sandy Hook Light-vessel, around which she passed nearly five minutes ahead of the *Genesta*. The *Puritan* on the return got into the strong ebb tide off Sandy Hook, and at this time the *Genesta* caught up a good deal—she making over to the Jersey shore and keeping out of the tide. The *Puritan* made a starboard tack toward the Jersey shore and made up lost ground.

Both started at 10:32 A. M.

	Buoy 10.			Buoy 5.		
	H.	*M.*	*S.*	*H.*	*M.*	*S.*
Puritan.....	1	16	32	1	31	30
Genesta.....	1	19	25	1	36	00

	Sandy Hook Light-ship.			Buoy 10 Returning.		
	H.	*M.*	*S.*	*H.*	*M.*	*S.*
Puritan.....	2	14	54	3	38	05
Genesta.....	2	19	16	3	46	05

	Finish.			Elapsed Time.			Corrected Time.		
	H.	*M.*	*S.*	*H.*	*M.*	*S.*	*H.*	*M.*	*S.*
Puritan.....	4	38	05	6	06	05	6	06	05
Genesta.....	4	54	52	6	22	52	6	22	24

The second race took place on September 16. There was a fresh north-west breeze in the early part of the race increasing to a velocity of fourteen miles an hour, and on the beat home the yachts took a heavy squall.

The start was made at 11:05, the course was east-south-east twenty miles and return. At first the *Genesta* was ahead, but soon the *Puritan* caught her. The run down was made with boom to starboard, then shortly before the turn the *Genesta* jibed and got ahead of *Puritan*, who did not jibe. The *Puritan* also took in topsail, in anticipation of her beat to windward before rounding the Light-ship, and this also helped to put her behind. On the beat to windward the yachts made one reach to south and west, merely to weather the Light-vessel; then along tack to the north and east until they could fetch in on the starboard tack. The *Puritan*, housing her topmast, soon got ahead of the *Genesta* and kept ahead. The *Genesta* kept her topsail aloft throughout the race, and there are many who think that had she followed the *Puritan's* tactics she would have done better. But it is also thought that had the *Puritan* jibed when the *Genesta* did she would not have lost as she did on the run out.

	Start.			Finish.			Elapsed Time.			Corrected Time.		
	H.	*M.*	*S.*	*H.*	*M.*	*S.*	*H.*	*M.*	*S.*	*H.*	*M.*	*S.*
Puritan.....	11	06	01	4	08	15	5	02	14	5	02	14
Genesta.....	11	05	16	4	10	30	5	05	23	5	04	52

The *Genesta* beat the *Puritan* on the run out about a minute and fifteen seconds.

THE warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.—*Herder.*

HOW TO EARN MONEY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

In looking at this matter of earning money we find the people who succeed are in love with their work. They are in earnest, glad to do it, and take pride in doing it well, and it does not make much difference what the work may be. Their work pays because it meets a human want, and they supply the want in the best manner. People want to eat. Here is a human want. Why not supply it?

This talk is for girls, and one says,

"O, you mean cooking. I couldn't do it. It's servants' work!"

All right, my girl. It is not fine hands and dainty ways that make the lady, neither is it housework that makes the servant. Many a real lady wears a housemaid's cap. Many a woman in a carriage wishes she could hide her mean and narrow character as easily as she hides her pudgy hands in kid gloves. If you were a lady you would be well educated in housework and be a first-rate cook, whether you made your own coffee for breakfast or not.

There was once near New York a true lady. She had every thing you could wish: a home, a good education, refined manners, and wealth, and she was a lovely and lovable woman. One day her wealth flew away. What did she do? Sit down in idleness, upbraid Heaven for its cruelty, or suffer the disgrace of depending on others? Not at all. She looked about to see what she could do. In her days of prosperity her guests often spoke with enthusiasm of her lovely—pickles. Here was a human want. People want pickles. There are pickle factories every-where, pickles of every kind in the stores, and every good housekeeper can make her own.

What is the use of making more pickles? She did not stop to ask this foolish question. She said,

"I will make better pickles than any to be bought in the stores. I will make such extra fine pickles that housekeepers will buy mine in preference to making their own at home. I will make the best pickles ever placed on any table."

Here was a sensible ambition, a clear, good common sense view of the business. She rolled up her sleeves and with her own fair hands went to work and made a lot of pickles, put them up in glass jars, and put her own initials on the labels. She took pride in her work, and did not hesitate to tell people she made them herself, and that they were good, honest pickles. As a natural result she sold a few bottles.

People bought them out of curiosity, just to see if they were really so very fine. It was true. They were prime. They told their friends, and people began to send for more and more. She had succeeded. She had established a business, and in a short time her profits amounted to over $10,000 a year.

Naturally enough, other women and girls read of her wonderful success, and how many hundreds are trying to do the same thing. Here is a regular home business for girls—home-cooking, pickle-making, cake-making, putting up preserves and fruits, preparing choice dishes and salads. Naturally, the more sensible girls will here ask if the business is not being overdone. Are not too many trying to sell pickles and cakes?

No, because while many try, the entire product is consumed at some price every year, and as long as people live they must eat. A certain proportion fail because they do poor work or do not know how to manage the business. You must do the very best work and you must know the business.

Every body knows your blackberry jam. It is the finest jam in town. Many a lady at your mother's table says she wishes she had the receipt. Don't tell her. It is your trade secret. It means bread and butter to you, and, if she wants that particular blackberry jam, let her buy it of you—business is business. You mean to base your hopes on blackberry jam. How shall you do it? Of course, nobody can tell you how to make it. We all know you can make it better than any one else. The thing to consider now is the business of selling blackberry jam.

The first thing you need is a trade-mark. The jam is to be put up in glass jars. You must go to some wholesale glass dealer and select a particular style of jar. Get a good jar of convenient size and shape. Select two sizes, a quart jar and a pint jar, and have them carefully measured to be sure they really hold a quart and a pint, and a little more. Start right here to give good, honest measure, for you may be sure, if you give scant measure, people will some day find it out and then you will wonder why they buy no more jam. Having settled on the jars, find out if you can always have that particular jar, and then use no other. The jar is to be one of your trade-marks, so that when people once see that jar they will know it contains your especial blackberry jam.

Next go to the printer and get a neat label with your full name and address, and plainly showing just what is in the jar—"one full pint (or quart) blackberry jam." This particular style of jar and label is your trade-mark, whereby your work is known and sold, and if you register your trade-mark the law will protect you in it.

All this supposes you mean business. If you are only making the jam just to sell a few bottles to your friends to get a little pocket money, it does not matter what bottles you use, because in a year your trade will be as dead as a door-nail. In fact, if you are only going to play with the business just for one summer, and if you are just a little ashamed of the work and only do it to get some money, you will be surprised to find how quickly the whole business will collapse and leave you with only a lot of old jars and a heart full of mortification.

You are in earnest, you mean business. Blackberries are ripe, and you are buying the very best berries to be found, and putting them up in that neat and tasteful manner we know so well.

The weeks pass quickly, and there they stand, a gross and a half of pints and quarts all exactly alike, neatly labeled and looking tempting enough. You have kept correct accounts and you find they cost just $42 for the gross of quarts and $10 50 for the half-gross of pints, or $52 50 for the lot, including jars, labels, and materials, but not your labor. On such a small venture you ought to double your money or very nearly so, for you have yet to pay for the advertising, packing, and freight. If you charge $7 a dozen for the large jars and $3 a dozen for the small ones, and 60 cents and 30 cents for single jars, you ought to get a fair profit on the venture. I know of one lady who tried such work in a small way with just such things as she could make at home, and sold enough among her friends and acquaintances to make a clear profit of $40 the first year.

Next we come to the selling. Naturally, you look about among your friends and see them or write to them and tell them about the jam, and give the exact wholesale and retail price. Do not on any account vary from the fixed price. Charge a fair price and stick to it. Do not on any account sell a single jar, even to your own sister, under the fixed scale of prices. If people want to buy cheap let them buy by the dozen at the wholesale price. This plan of selling to friends answers at first. It is very well for a beginning, but it will never do to depend on them. You must sell to the general public. To do this there is only one thing to be done—advertise. If you live in a small place put a short card in the local newspaper, with a plain statement that you have superior home-made blackberry jam for sale. Give the price and say you will deliver the jars, neatly packed, at any house in town free. If orders come in, of course, you can easily hire a boy to deliver the goods. Insist on the cash. This is business. You mean business and expect business-like treatment. If you respect your work, people will respect you.

Another way to advertise is to have a neat circular printed, and to mail a copy to all the people who you think use jam,

but do not throw the circulars away by sending them to people who do not use blackberry jam. Use common sense in the matter.

With a little enterprise a smart girl like you ought to sell the eighteen dozen jars in the course of a month or two. The plan works. You find you can make the jam and with a little effort dispose of it at fair prices. Now, do not think for a moment this selling to friends can be continued. They will buy more next year, but you must double your sales and sell to the general public. Get ready for the season in the winter and spring. Keep a few of the jars for samples, and begin to advertise that you will take orders for next season's jam. By this means you will get an idea of about how many dozen you can sell and can lay your plans accordingly.

Above all, stick to the jam. Do not branch off into pickles or other preserves. It has cost you to establish your reputation for jam, and you must now use the benefit of the reputation. Do not try to cheapen the jam. Make it just as good as last year, and, if possible, a little better. Here is a business, and she who can may succeed in it. Those who try and fail have always themselves to blame. It is not good jam, or it is poorly packed, or the jars are dirty, or not mates, or some other little point has been neglected, and your buyers go off to find another girl who can do better. There is no friendship in the matter, for business is business.

WINGED SEEDS.

O, GOLD-GREEN wings, and bronze-green wings,
And rose-tinged wings, that down the breeze
Come sailing from the maple-trees!
You showering things, you shimmering things,
That June-time always brings!
O, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The shade of lovely trees to spread?
Or shining angels that had birth
When kindly words were said?

O, downy dandelion-wings,
Wild-floating wings, like silver spun,
That dance and glisten in the sun!
You airy things, you elfin things,
That June-time always brings!
O, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The light of laughing flowers to spread?
Or flitting fairies that had birth
When merry words were said?

—*Helen Gray Cone.*

NAMES.

BY S. A. WILSON.

"WHAT's in a name?" asked our greatest poet three centuries ago. But years before the question had been answered by a Latin proverb, "*Sine nomine, homo non est*," "Without the name, the man is not." The higher the civilization, the more individuality to the name. The people who distinguish a man as the son of Such-a-one, or a woman as the mother of So-and-so, we instinctively call a tribe rather than a nation. We unhesitatingly place them at the bottom of the scale of civilization.

Try to imagine the condition of affairs if all names were effaced from our memories. Modern business could not be carried on for an hour if no one could call another by name. As our names vanished, our individuality would almost disappear. Our cities would be reduced to the level of a colony of ants, or a hive of bees.

If these arbitrary names which distinguish us are questioned in the light of history, each will have a story to tell, though this leveling age has nearly succeeded in robbing them of all meaning. Once, when a mother called her son Rufus the name hinted that the curly locks of the little Rufus were not black nor brown, but auburn. Sometimes the fond mother expressed in her child's name a wish for his future. She desired him to be a bold warrior, so she named him Lewis, or she called him Alfred, coveting for him the reputation of a good counselor. Arthur comes to us from the early Britons, from the days of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table,

> "The goodliest fellowship of famous knights,
> Whereof this world holds record."

While Arthur is a legacy left us by the Britons, the Saxons gave us Edward. I wish I might present two of those boys of long ago to their nineteenth century successors. The Briton Arthur is blue-eyed and light-haired. His fair skin is tattooed with blue figures of animals. His clothing is made of the skins of wild beasts, fastened at the breast with sharp thorns. Five hundred years later the Saxon Edward wears a woolen tunic belted at the waist. His fair hair is parted in the middle and falls upon his shoulders, very probably in ringlets.

The word Arthur means noble. The pride of mankind finds expression in the names of all languages. The haughty Celtic father called his son Arthur, while the Greek parent indicated that his child was well-born by naming him Eugene. The Hebrew Hiram was most noble; Sarah, a princess; and Clara, famous. A strange degradation has come to the Latin Patrick. The word originally denoted a patrician; the most aristocratic of all appellations, it has fallen now to the most plebeian of names.

The syllable Ed denotes property; Edwin is the gainer of property, and Edward the guardian of it. One wins the property and the other keeps watch or ward over it. George is a land-holder; Henry is the chief of a house; Charles, manly; Richard, powerful; while Walter signifies ruling the host. You see the dominant, masterful spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race shines conspicuous in its names. We may answer Shakespeare's famous question by saying, the whole genius of the race is imprisoned in each name!

A fearless, unconquerable spirit speaks in Frank and Fanny, free; in Leonard, who is as brave as a lion, and Gertrude, a spear-maiden. Among many peoples a mother looked upon her darling as the gift of God, and so called him Theodore or Nathaniel. The syllable Bert is bright; Bertha, brightness; Robert, bright in fame, and Hubert, bright in spirit. Some of the feminine names are pleasingly suggestive. Anna is grace; Helen, light; Ada, happiness. The one touch of sadness is Mary, bitter.

As population increased it became necessary to distinguish between those of the same name, and some distinctive epithet was added. There were four ways in which this was done. We read of Simon Barjonas, that is, Simon the son of Jonas, Simon of Cyrene, and Simon the zealot. The first is a patronymic, or name derived from a parent; the next, a local or place epithet; and the last, a descriptive or personal name. A fourth Simon might have been called Simon the Fisher, from his occupation. In this manner all surnames originated. About the middle of the twelfth century they became fixed or hereditary. Before that they had died with the possessor, father and son having different surnames. Names ending in son are patronymics; so are most of those ending in s; Evans is Evan's son. Mc, Fitz, and O' denote patronymics. Mc is the son and O' the grandson. Fitz is a corruption of the French *fils*, son.

The local names are many. In old registers we find John above-the-brook, and Thomas at-the-town's-end. Their descendants are known as John Brook and Thomas Townsend. Surnames derived from personal names or nicknames are such as Armstrong, Lightfoot, and Longfellow.

The names of occupation are legion, Archer, Thatcher, Shepherd, etc., and each gives us a glimpse of the life of the age. The first tells us of the famous English bow used in hunting and fighting before the days of gunpowder; the second shows us the little cottages with their straw-thatched

roofs; and in the third we see the flocks of sheep nibbling the grass upon the sides of the breezy downs. The Baker was sometimes called the Bakester, which in time became Baxter. There is an interesting bit of history hidden in Sterling. Centuries ago when foreign traders bought and sold in Britain, the people preferred the money of the Easterlings, or traders from the East, because it was purer than their own. When the English coin was raised to the same standard, they called it, too, Easterling money, soon shortened to sterling money. Like insects in amber, the history of a race may be found imbedded in its names.

IRON'S RIVAL.

THE chemists say that aluminum is the metal of the future. Centuries of experiments with ores and furnaces have made iron the commonest and most useful of metals; but a writer in "Power" promises a still wider use of aluminum when the chemists shall succeed in overcoming its scarcity:

Now a new metal is coming upon the field, which some claim will soon be all its own, and iron, the metal heretofore without a peer, and the greatest factor of human progress, must step down and out. Aluminum, they say, can be hardened till the diamond is its only rival; it can be drawn into a wire so fine or hammered into sheets so thin that the gold-beater alone can do the work; the tensile strength of its wire rises to 100,000 pounds to the square inch of section; water and the atmosphere cannot corrode it, it will burnish like silver, blows cannot crystallize it, and its conductivity of heat surpasses that of copper. Then its alloys make an anti-friction metal that goes beyond the power of brass or babbitt to produce.

Before such qualities as these iron pales into the merest insignificance. But before we throw away our hammer and chisel or break our locomotives up, let us look at what has made iron the metal of the world. It is easily summed up in two words, "Its cheapness." With crude iron at one cent a pound all things seem possible for it to accomplish, but multiply it by ten and all of our commonest conveniences will vanish like breath.

Sixty years ago a drop of aluminum was produced in a German laboratory after a research of fifty years with the best appliances of the time, and twenty years more were necessary to produce a larger bead. Then in ten years more the metal was on the market at $32 per pound.

Since then chemistry has been struggling with the task, and by its constant efforts the price has dropped to $15 for a pound, and now a new discoverer tells that it can be put upon the market at $4 to the pound. We know the metal well, and the chemist has tried it in his laboratory; he has hammered and drawn and melted and hardened, until every quality is known, but still the price must make it rare. It costs one eighth the price of thirty years ago, and still it is four hundred times the cost of iron. So it matters little that it stands third in quantity of all the substances of which the earth is formed, that it lies about us in every bed of clay, or shale, and that nearly every rock is but an ore bed with wondrous possibilities; so long as nature holds the secret key by which it can be unlocked and freed from the combinations in which we find it, it cannot take the place of iron. That this may come in time is not beyond the range of what can be regarded as a possibility, but it must come by slow and labored steps; meanwhile our iron will hold its own and be used as heretofore, while aluminum must be a laboratory metal for a while, and get occasional application in the more expensive implements of science.

TRYING TO CATCH UP.

THE little hero of the following incident is evidently not to be killed by railroad accident. The "Albany Journal" is authority for the truth of the story:

Mrs. George H. Borden, accompanied by her son, aged three years, and a little daughter, left Olean yesterday afternoon on a visit to Boston. At Binghamton she took the sleeper on the Boston express. As soon as the train left Binghamton the mother retired with her children. They are bright and winsome and were up early this morning to enjoy the novelty of the ride.

After Slingerlands was passed, Mrs. Borden allowed them to go out in the passage-way of the sleeping-car and putter around while she was doing up her hair. This completed she turned to look for her children. The little girl had come back to its mother, but when she looked out the boy was nowhere to be seen. The partly open door and the absence of the boy were so suggestive as to strike terror to the mother's heart.

She thought at once that the little fellow had toddled out on the platform, fallen from the train, and been killed. The passengers on board were alarmed as well as the train-hands, but it was deemed most expedient to continue on to the city and then telegraph back to Delmar and Slingerlands and have men go out, search for the body, and forward it by next train. It was not deemed possible that the little one could have survived the fall.

The train reached Albany, and while ladies on board comforted the mother in the station, telegrams were dispatched to Delmar and Slingerlands to make all haste with the search for the lost boy. Two hours later the welcome intelligence was flashed back, "Found unhurt."

The revulsion in the mother's feelings was great and she wept tears of joy. Other telegrams stated that the little boy was found at Kilbourn's Woods, about half-way between Slingerlands and Delmar. When discovered he was sturdily trudging along the tracks in the direction of Albany, and had already covered a mile of the distance. "I is tyin' to tetch the t'ain," he said, when the rescuers reached him.

He was brought to the Albany station this afternoon, none the worse for his experience, except for a slight cut on the back of his neck.

THE STORY OF A BLOOD CORPUSCLE.

THE "Rutland Herald" gives the following school composition written by a twelve-year-old Vermont girl. The life and death of a red blood corpuscle was her subject, and as she told her father she "thought it over pretty well before she put it down on paper:"

As I am resting in a piece of tissue to which I was sent, I thought I might as well write my adventures, which are many and varied. I first came to life with many of my relations in a large fleshy room, which I came to know was the right ventricle of the heart, then by a sudden squeeze we were sent all together into a long canal with hard walls (it was the pulmonary artery). There were so many of us we were all jammed together, and I said to myself, "I had a great deal rather go back into that nice large room again;" so I ran back as fast as I could, but lo and behold, three little doors barred my way, and the more I pushed the tighter they closed, and so I gave it up and went back to my fellows. We then went on into some smaller veins, or capillaries, and through the thin walls I could see the spongy substance called the lungs. On we traveled into an immense vein called the pulmonary vein, and from there into a smaller room than the one we were in first; presently another squeeze sent us from the left auricle, as it is called, into the left ventricle, and from there into another large artery called the aorta. Just then I and my companions were startled by a telegraphic message from the brain, "We are busy with a Latin verb and need red blood corpuscles to help us." About 2,000,000 of us started for the brain, but we had hardly got half-way before there came a dispatch from the arms, "We have been swinging clubs and have used a great deal of tissue. Come and help us." Half of us went on to the brain while the other went to the arm. And here I am expecting to be used up any minute. Ah, here I go! The arm has been raised and I must die.

"ASK A BRAKEMAN."

EDISON, the inventor, whose practical knowledge of electricity has made his fame, was asked one day in regard to some detail of the science, and answered that he did not know, but that any school-boy or school-book would furnish the information. In the same manner two of the most eminent railroad men in New England were compelled to seek instruction from a train-hand:

Prof. George L. Vose, whose manual on railroad engineering is authority the world over, was one day puzzling over the time card on the wall of the Boston and Maine Railroad station, without making out what he wanted to know, when the president of the road, Mr. Furber, came by and accosted him.

"I am very glad to see you," the professor said. "I wish you would help me out with this time table. I cannot make head or tail out of it."

The president joined in the investigation, and for some moments the pair floundered about among A. M.'s and P. M.'s with no satisfactory results whatever.

"O, I never can make any thing out of these things," President Furber exclaimed, at length. "Let's ask somebody!"

And they went and asked a brakeman.

A MODEST LAWYER.

BLACKSTONE has a young disciple in a north-western city who has recently gained the right to call himself "attorney-at-law." The young man left his desk in the city prosecutor's office a few days ago to try his first case before a justice in a neighboring rural township. Although not lacking in that assurance which passes in some communities for legal knowledge, the rising young lawyer thought it would be wise to win the sympathies of the presiding justice. He therefore visited that official the night before the trial, intending to state his inexperience, and ask the judge to be easy with him in court.

Finding the justice a little nervous himself, our hero assumed an air of superiority, and instead of stating his own mission, he soon received the confession of his host that the morrow's trial was the first since his appointment, and any hints as to forms of procedure would be gratefully received. Young Blackstone said afterward,

"I ran the whole court and won my first case with honor, but the Minnesota Code had to suffer."

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, Editor.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

Do you call him a gentleman? A puzzling question. Signs fail in certain weathers. There are some signs here. Let us make no mistake, lest we do him injustice, or, what would be worse, lest we put a premium on shams. One may wear some of the signs of a gentleman and yet not be the thing he has some signs of. The interrogation point may stand until we find a period to end our answer.

Do you call him a gentleman? Now observe. We may *call* him a gentleman. That is one thing. To be a gentleman is another thing. To be, or to be called—which is it in his case? Let us study signs. Hat—a Derby, new and well-fitting; well-shod in last style; new and nobby suit as to quality, pattern, and adjustment; collar and cuffs—properly cut and faultlessly clean; cravat, pin, buttons, cane—well, so let it stand: a gentleman! But the impatient, dissatisfied exclamation point wriggles and twists itself into an intermeddling and skeptical interrogation point, and we end where we began, with a—gentleman?

He poses. Hat resting on the back of his head; legs stretched apart for firm base; cane under arm at right angles with his body; fingers holding a small square of rice paper and a small pouch of delicate tobacco; a gentle tap, a slight shake, a roll—a cigarette; a match, a light, a suck, a whiff, a light column of fragrant smoke, a shifting of position, cane to the right, forward—march! Self-conscious and self-approving Frederick says in unsyllable thought—"A gentleman!" But the smoke that curls upward follows in a curved line, like an interrogation point, and stands in the air just over our—gentleman?

Do we condemn a man because he smokes? Dare we say that a "gentleman" will not indulge in the use of tobacco? We do not say so. We think the time is coming when social standards will not as now justify the use of the "weed." At present many men who are called gentlemen and who are gentlemen indulge in this luxury. Our hesitancy concerning Frederick is not based on the simple fact that he smokes, although a cigarette in the mouth of a boy or a very young man is an exceedingly unfavorable indication. There is no ground on which the practice of smoking by this youthful class can be justified. Frederick does not need tobacco. We do not say that his father does, but certainly Frederick does not. And if he had a just conception of the fitness of things he would accept the statement and abandon the practice. He smokes because he thinks that it is manly and gentlemanly to do so. Now a custom may be, if not thoroughly gentlemanly, yet not wholly ungentlemanly in an old or mature man which in a boy or a very young man is both unmanly and ungentlemanly. There may be arguments with some weight in them in the one case, while in the other case no justification is possible. We will not speak about Frederick's father just now, but as to Frederick the interrogation point still interrogates.

It is Fred's ideal of manhood that troubles us, an ideal of which the cigarette is an indication. If Fred loved study and Church and hard work, regular hours and sensible companions, if his view of life exalted industry, economy, steadiness, and self-control, we should not be troubled by the curling interrogation point that issues from his cigarette. We might smile a little at Fred and be half sorry for him, and comfort ourselves with the thought that later on his good sense would lead him to drop the rice paper and tobacco dust; but alas for Fred and for those of us who care for him, the rice wraplet is a straw which shows which way the winds blows! The picture of the cane and the smoke has a background. Those of us who know the Fred under the Derby know the meaning of the blue cloudlets that follow his track. We can trace figures and see fire in the clouds. We see Fred's idea of a man. And the discerning spirit of the printer's font also sees it and therefore flings into our face a shower of interrogation points every time we try to call Fred a gentleman. It asks, "Is he a gentleman who refuses, at mother's request, to avoid a habit which he knows, as well as he knows any thing, can do him no good and will do him much harm? Is he a gentleman who spends money he does not earn in an indulgence which strengthens an appetite on which he is morally certain hundreds and perhaps thousands of dollars will be wasted, even though it be his own, in the course of his life-time? Is he a gentleman who puts the offensive odor of tobacco on the air, in the house, in his clothes, without so much as an apology, or a 'by your permission?'" We try but cannot straighten out the interrogation point.

But the forms in the cloudlets, and the signs concerning Fred. In his general bearing we discover a dangerous susceptibility to the power of public opinion, and a want of moral courage in pursuing an independent and righteous course. He wants to be thought a "a fellow who knows the world," a "chap with a mind of his own," a "man of the world" who doesn't take much interest in Sunday-school and Church. He "isn't of the bigoted or even of the religious kind." He does not wish to be suspected of having a strict home. He wants to be able to talk fluently about theaters and plays and actors, about a Sunday trip he took, a game at cards he lost or won, a fast horse some "uncle" of his drives, a "ball" he expects to attend, a sort of innocent spree he was on last Christmas, and sundry other indulgencies, an interest in which will set him right with the fellows—"the other fellows, you know." All these things hang in the air with the tobacco cloudlets. Fred hurts his mother by the indifference which he manifests toward religion and all religious services. He will talk on all topics but the one most sacred to her. Sometimes he is rude in his refusals to listen to what she has to say. He goes to church when he must, and stays at home when he can. He spends time in profitless reading, lounges about the street, smokes his cigarettes, and has more than once clandestinely indulged in a mug of beer or a glass of wine. He is rapidly becoming a "fast" fellow, and does not seem hurt by the charge. These excesses he conceals from home friends, has no solicitude about himself, is "able to do as he makes up his mind" to do in all matters, and prefers to be and

to be thought a jolly, irreverent man of the world—a gentleman. It is with this knowledge of these tastes, standards, and lines of life which influence young Frederick that we watch him, rice folder between his fingers and cane under his arm, and find it impossible to pull the twist out of the interrogation point as we ask now as we asked at first, "Do you call him a gentleman?"

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for July 18, 1886. THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.—John 11. 1–16.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 11. 11.

PREFATORY. Bethany is a little village east of Jerusalem just over Mt. Olivet, on a lower slope of which, indeed, it stands. It is now called El Azariyeh—a memorial of Lazarus. I visited Bethany in March, 1863, walking over the Mt. of Olives by one path and returning by another. I went down into a deep cave which they call the grave of Lazarus. To me there come no impressive thoughts as I recall the visit to that cavern. Details, the exact locations, and all that kind of literal identification have little influence over me. It was something to identify the place in a general way. It was something to stand on the brow of Olivet and look out on Jerusalem and remember Him who from this ridge wept over the guilty city. It was something to look at the olive-clad hills and the old ruins, and then looking up to remember that under these heavens and among these hills walked the Man of Nazareth; that here Mary, Martha, and Lazarus lived, and that here he, the Son of God, gave an object-lesson to the skeptics of the day and of the ages in the life-giving and life-restoring power of the Christ. Over these paths Jesus often walked. The place and the scenery are precious because of this blessed fact.

INTERROGATORY. Name the persons and places of this lesson. How far from Jerusalem to Bethany? Where was Jesus at the time this lesson opens? How could a human sickness be for the glory of God? How do you account for the two apparently contradictory facts of verses 5 and 6? Give the two conversations reported in verses 7–16. What was the real meaning of Thomas in his proposal of verse 16? What practical lessons for our present guidance do you gather from these lessons?

HOMILY. Jesus was a man. Whatever the theologies and the Book may teach about the great and mysterious and divine background that lay beyond the man, he was a MAN. He loved like a man. He suffered like a man. He talked like a man. But through all his manhood there shot beams of life, light, and energy which gave signs of the Deity of which the man was the incarnation. He spoke like a divine One when he said, "This sickness is not unto death," "I go that I may awaken him out of sleep." It is a great thing to have a Saviour who is both human and divine, who can suffer with us and come to our defense and deliverance; who can touch the heart with the one hand and the heavens with the other; who can think the thoughts of human need and at the same time make known the thoughts of divine purpose.

Over the Jordan and over the Judean desert ran the sympathies of the divine Master as he recalled the wonder and grief at Bethany. "Could he have known of this impending calamity and not have foretold it?" Mary might have asked; "Could he have known it and not be able to prevent it?" interposed Martha. "Not able?" "Not able?" O gloomy suggestion to settle down over the home in Bethany which had been abiding in such peace under the love and frequent presence of this strange and glorious Friend! But the man had his plans. The God-man had his purposes. "It will be hard for them both, but it will be good in the end," he may have thought. "I will give them a sweet surprise. I will glorify both the Father and the Son while I show them the power and the grace of the kingdom into which these dear sisters have been brought." So biding his time and burning with loving sympathy he waits and slowly journeys and in due time comes to the bereaved sisters in Bethany. It is something to have him send his thoughts after us in our sorrow. It is something to have him on his way with love and power for our relief.

PRAYER. O Giver of light and of life! In our darkness and grief look upon us. Send Thy gracious thoughts after us, and come with power to our homes and to our hearts, that Thou mayest be glorified by our grief and by Thy grace. Amen.

SEED THAT BORE FRUIT.

BEFORE a plain country home in an eastern city, a lad stood at sunset wondering whether he should enter. The house was an old-fashioned one, white, with green blinds. Two great fir-trees stood in front of it, and on each side of the walk were peonies, marigolds, and hundred-leaf roses. Finally he gained courage to knock on the door. A kind-faced woman opened it, and bade him enter.

"I am looking for work," said the lad. "I want to do chores for my board and go to school."

"I don't know whether pa wants a boy, but I guess we can make a place for you," she said, as she looked toward the cradle, where slept her baby Willie.

When the farmer came home he had a talk with the stranger, saw that he had an honest face, and was not afraid to work, and therefore kept him.

He made himself useful every-where; now he wiped the dishes, now he rocked Willie, and now he milked the cows, or weeded strawberry beds. Of course it made extra work to feed and clothe this school-boy, but the good mother liked Henry, the motherless lad, and above all felt that she was doing her duty.

The boy showed great aptitude for books, and began to give promise of success in the future. What would he choose to do—be a farmer? asked the foster-mother. But the youth had other plans. He astonished her by telling her he would go to the neighboring city and study law. He would enter an office, and spend all the spare time he could get from work in learning.

She saw him take his little bundle of clothing, with some fears and many hopes, gave him some parting advice, and then slipped away to the cradle that held a younger than Willie, and cried over Henry's departure.

The work was hard and constant in the office, and he seldom found time to come back to the country home. The years passed on, and with them came admittance to the bar, then success in winning cases, then wise investments, and finally wealth and fame. He never married. He felt that he had one obligation above every other, namely, to help those who had helped him.

One day he came out to the country home to take Willie back with him, educate him, make him his partner, and finally to share the home of the young man and his pretty wife. Years after the family of William became my intimate friends. He and Henry are both millionaires, and are to-day one of the most noted law firms in New England.

The house in the country, with its fir-trees and old-fashioned roses, is still kept as a restful place for the summer. Though the farmer's wife has gone to her reward, she lived long enough to see her kindness to a stranger lad richly rewarded.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

THE Tory nobody who wants Mr. Gladstone's seat in Parliament asks for votes on the ground that his opponent is too old for further service. Nonsense! The great Premier at seventy-six is a match for the whole Tory party, old and young.

OUR British cousins who have criticised some of the features of our presidential elections are not wholly blameless themselves. A recent election document issued by a British party leader has this of the premier: "Gladstone has reserved for his closing days a conspiracy against the honor of Great Britain and the welfare of Ireland more startlingly base and nefarious than any of the numerous designs and plots that for a quarter of a century have occupied his imagination."

THE newspapers are going to do something more for geography. Lieut. Schwatka, whose Arctic sketches are familiar to our readers, has been employed by the "New York Times" to explore the mountain region of Alaska, and the "New York World" has sent an expedition to the same remote district to determine the mineral resources of our possessions in that quarter. We remember that it was a journalistic explorer who found Livingstone, and that the "New York Herald" sent out the Arctic expedition of the ill-fated *Jeannette*.

AN even temper is a prime virtue in these July days. The thermometer goes up ten degrees the moment you begin to be cross. Patience is better than pounded ice.

THESE were the athletic regulations of Shrewsbury School in 1578: "Schollers shall plaie upon Thursdaies onles there be a holidaye in the weeke, and no daye els but the Thursdaie. Schollers plaie shall be shootinge in the long bowe and cheese plaie, and no other games except it be runninge, wrastlinge, or leapinge."

THERE is a novel sight in the building across the way. In the barred window of the police-station two little tots—brother and sister—are busy with soap-suds and pipes blowing bubbles. The sergeant's children don't see why passers-by look up so curiously at the window-picture.

"THE studies in my college curriculum were wholly prescribed. I learned to do patiently the things set me to do; to work hard and wait for the reward; to conquer every task—whatever it might be—before leaving it. And I would not give this bit of learning for all to be got from the most attractive elective courses of both Harvard and Yale."—*Prof. George T. Ladd.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

Let the influence of every member of the Oxford League and of every member of the Church be exerted positively and continually against all games of chance, and especially against what is called "progressive eucher." Speak against these things kindly, not in tones of severity. Let our example sustain our speech. If we understand "progressive eucher," it is a fashionable style of gambling. It is in reality gambling. Therefore avoid it, condemn it, and dissuade others from it. It is better and wiser and safer never to touch cards in any way. They can do no good. They do tend to frivolity and often to serious sin.

The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience.

Have a good conscience and thou shalt ever have joy.

A good conscience is able to bear very much, and is very cheerful in adversities.

An evil conscience is always fearful and unquiet.

Thou shalt rest sweetly, if thy heart condemn thee not.

Never rejoice but when thou hast done well.

Sinners have never true joy, nor feel inward peace; because "There is no peace to the wicked," saith the Lord.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

An extract from one of John Wesley's letters, October 18, 1730:

"In November, 1729, I came to Oxford to reside. Your son, my brother, myself, and one more, agreed to spend three or four evenings in a week together. Our design was to read over the classics, which we had before read in private, on common nights, and on Sunday some book in divinity."

Wesley's "Journal," Monday, November 6, 1753:

"In the remaining part of this, and in the following month, I prepared the rest of the books for the 'Christian library,' a work by which I have lost above two hundred pounds. Perhaps the next generation may know the value of it."

Wesley's "Journal," Monday, May 13, 1754:

"I began explaining to the morning congregation Bolton's 'Directions for Comfortable Walking with God.' I wish all our preachers, both in England and Ireland, would herein follow my example, and frequently read in public and enforce select portions of the 'Christian Library.'"

In 1783 the Rev. Robert Miller asked Mr. Wesley, "What must be done to keep Methodism alive when you are dead?" Mr. Wesley gave the following answer: "The Methodists must take heed to their doctrines, their experience, their practice, and their discipline. If they attend to their doctrines only, they will make the people Antinomians; if to the experimental part of religion only, they will make them enthusiasts; if to the practical part of religion only, they will make them Pharisees; and if they do not attend to their discipline, they will be like persons who bestow much pains in cultivating a garden, and put no fence around it to save it from the wild boars of the forest."

The place was Oxford, the far-famed city of the Isis. The beauty of its situation, the antiquity of its foundation, the venerable character of its buildings, the richness and variety of its architecture, its air of learning, the events of first importance which have taken place within its precincts, and the great and glorious names associated with its history, make Oxford one of the most noteworthy and interesting of all the cities of the United Kingdom.

The time was a century and a half ago. The moral condition of the country was then deplorable. At the court the utmost licentiousness prevailed, and the vices of George I. and George II. exercised a baneful effect upon the nation. Most of the members of the legislature were utterly ignorant of the meaning of political honesty. Even men eminent among them had their price; and those in power maintained themselves by well placed bribery. The upper classes delighted in drunkenness and debauchery, and they gloried in their shame. Infidelity was rampant, and writers appeared who adopted a style in accord with the coarse and debased tastes of the age. Amongst the people generally there was the same rampant immorality. The streets were continually disturbed by riots. The public-house signs offered to make men drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for twopence, with straw to lie upon. In the rural parts there was real barbarism, and in the mining districts brutal savagery. "There was darkness in high places, and darkness in low places; darkness in the court, the camp, the parliament, the bar; darkness in country, and darkness in town; darkness among rich, and darkness among poor; a gross, thick, religious and moral darkness—a darkness that might be felt."

Nor was the Church very much better. The fires of martyrdom destroyed the early leaders of the English Reformation; the imperious will of Elizabeth made the Anglican Church subject to state tutelage; the agents employed to carry on the great work were both impious and ignorant; and so the work of reformation lacked both efficiency and spirituality. The Puritans, for a while, blew a clear blast from the Bible trumpet; but political bias and statecraft damaged the spiritual character of their work, and they sank down into a condition very little better than that of the Establishment itself. Such was the condition of Church and country at the time The Mutual Improvement Society at the Oxford University was formed.

Those who composed it were young men belonging to the university. John Wesley writes: "In November, 1729, four young gentlemen of Oxford—Mr. John Wesley, fellow of Lincoln College, Mr. Charles Wesley, student of Christ Church, Mr. Morgan, commoner of Christ Church, and Mr. Kirkham, of Merton College, began to spend some evenings in a week together in reading, chiefly the Greek Testament." It is impossible to determine the exact number of those who afterward belonged to this mutual improvement society. Mr. Wesley writes: "I think, in the year 1735, we were fourteen or fifteen in number, all of one heart and of one mind." In addition to those mentioned the following were known to belong to it: George Whitefield, Charles Morgan, William Smith, Matthew Salmon, John Clayton, Thomas B. Jamest, Benjamin Ingham, John Gambold, Boyce, William Chapman, Charles Kinchin, Richard Hutchins, Christopher Atkinson, John Whitelamb, and Westley Hall. The regularity of their behavior led a young collegian to call them Methodists; and John Wesley says that as the name was new and quaint it clave to them immediately, and from that time all that had any connection with them were thus distinguished.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

Distribution.

We have viewed the first general division of Political Economy, which we defined in our first lesson as

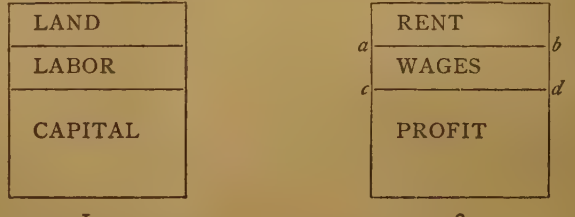
The science which treats of the production, distribution, and the exchange of wealth.

We now come to the second general division—distribution. When wealth has been produced it must of necessity be divided, and divided among those who have contributed to produce it.

Let us take the elements of production, *Land*, *Labor*, and *Capital*, and see how the wealth when produced is distributed among those who represent these three requisites; that is, the *Landlord*, the *Laborer*, and the *Employer*. The share of the *Landlord*, or owner of the land, is called *rent*, that of the *Laborer* is called *wages*, and that of the *Employer* (or capitalist), *profit*. By the following table we can see clearly what each man gives toward production, and what each one gets as his share of the wealth produced:

	Gives.	Gets.
Landlord	Use of land	Rent.
Laborer	Labor	Wages.
Employer	Capital	Profit.

To make the idea even more clear, look for a moment at this diagram:



1. 2.

Let square No. 1 represent wealth produced. In that square are bound up *Land*, *Labor*, and *Capital*. That is what we see looking backward. Looking forward we see this same wealth, square No. 2, made up of *Rent*, *Wages*, and *Profit*, to be divided among those who have contributed the elements in square No. 1.

Here comes the trouble. If the wealth is divided in the proper proportion there can be no trouble, but that "proper proportion" cannot be discovered exactly. So many things must be taken into account that it is impossible to determine it.

The reason why so much trouble arises between employer and laborer is this: Rent, as we shall see later on, is determined by certain laws which regulate it, and it is not nearly so fluctuating as the other divisions of square No. 2.

Suppose, then, that the line *a b* in square No. 2 remains stationary in a certain position. Now, let us move the line *c d* down a little way and make *Wages* larger. What is the result? *Profit* becomes smaller. In the same way if *Profit* is made larger, *Wages* must grow smaller.

It looks, then, as if the *Laborer*, who is after *Wages*, and the *Employer*, who is after *Profit*, were directly opposed to each other's interests. This is the view which some ignorant working-men take of the subject, and to this utterly false supposition most of our labor troubles are due.

We shall show later on how the interests of both lie in the same line, but how injustice on the part of either may disturb the relations existing between them. Lest we weary you with too many dry statements, we will close our lesson at this point. Next week we shall show how our instructive friends, the Benlys, distributed the wealth which they produced. We ask your careful and thoughtful consideration of this week's statements, for they are important steps in our progress.

Commencement.

Just at this time the papers are giving accounts of commencement exercises all over the country. The essays and orations upon which young men and women have been spending so many hours have been delivered, admired, and applauded, and the graduates have begun a new life. The school and college career is ended. Why should we call the closing exercises "Commencement?" This is a question often raised, and as frequently answered by explaining that on graduation-day the pupil *commences* his real life-work.

This explanation although somewhat sentimental is very near the truth. It may be of interest to our readers to learn the source of this expression. In the Middle Ages great universities were founded first in Italy and later in France, and were resorted to by thousands of students. The character of these universities was somewhat peculiar. Instead of having limited faculties, as in the case of our colleges of to-day, all graduates from a seven years' course were given the degree of *Doctor*, which is the Latin for teacher, and were permitted to act as instructors in the university if they could find pupils or secure appointments. Thus the seven years of study were looked upon simply as a preparation for teaching, and when the degrees were conferred, and the recipients began their work of teaching, the exercises were naturally enough styled commencements.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

To Our Girl Readers.

In our next number we shall begin a department to be known as Our Girls. It will be devoted to the interests of young girls, and we shall endeavor to make it entertaining and helpful.

There will be short familiar talks about dress, fancy-work, candy-making, and simple cooking. Games for girls will be described, and items of interest on a variety of topics will be gathered from a wide range of current literature.

If in the past we have seemed to neglect the girls we hope to atone for it by making this, their own department, attractive to them.

We shall be glad at all times to receive suggestions from our readers, and to have them send any thing which from their own experience they think will be of help to others.

Our Youth is for both boys and girls, young men and young ladies, and we would not have any one suppose for a moment that we consult the interests of one more than the other.

Recreation is for both. *Our Girls* is to be for girls exclusively.

A Wagon Trip.

Second in our course of camping-out papers, we propose to those of our readers who do not own bicycles, and who have no convenient river, canal, or lake on which to take a voyage by boat or canoe, a trip in what is known in the Western States as a "prairie schooner."

We will suppose that a party of four boys decide to rig up a "schooner" for a dry voyage through the country. After securing permission to use an old farm wagon and a good stout team, the work of preparation is interesting.

First of all a cover must be arranged for the wagon-box. The regular way of doing this is to fasten half a dozen boughs of young saplings in an arch over the wagon body, and on the frame thus made to secure a cover of canvas or unbleached muslin. A rope is passed through hems at the ends of the cloth cover, which are thus "gathered" and drawn tightly together over the end boughs. Now, the "schooner" has a cabin, and this must be furnished with every thing needful for the trip. Two mattresses should be stowed one above the other in the front of the box, and blankets folded neatly and piled on top. Pillows may be added if desired, but it is considered a little effeminate to take pillows when there are plenty of blankets and overcoats which may be made to serve the same purpose.

The provisions should be stored in the rear of the wagon-box. It is well to take along plenty of bread, salt pork, and corn meal. Canned meats and vegetables are most important items in the commissary department. A medium sized kettle, coffee pot, a broiler, etc., will not be forgotten.

All these things should be carefully packed, so that they will not rattle while the "schooner" is in motion.

A water-pail for the horses may be slung under the wagon. A bag of oats may be included in the cargo, or the oats may be bought along the road. A hay-rack capable of holding half a bale of hay should be fastened to the back of the wagon. This rack may be quickly and cheaply made of slats and fastened with straps and rope. Hay may be purchased cheaply now and then of farmers along the route, and thrown right from the pitch-fork into the rack.

A lantern and a can of oil are almost indispensable. In case of a night run the lantern is needed, and in any event it is more cheerful to have a light steadier than that of a camp-fire for reading, etc.

There should also be long ropes for the horses, and a couple of stout, long stakes for picketing the "stock."

In selecting a camp for the night it is best to find a place a little removed from the road, where there is grass for the horses, and water for both animals and boys, and wood for the camp-fire.

Two of the boys unharness and "picket" the team, while the others build a fire, and sling the kettle in preparation for supper.

The sleeping accommodations are arranged as follows: One mattress is laid on the ground under the wagon, and the other left in the wagon-box. The blankets are properly distributed between the two places, and we have an upper and lower berth. An extra piece of cloth may be fastened on one side of the box, and dropped to the ground to protect the occupants of the lower berth from a draught.

Sometimes to vary the monotony of sleeping all night a day may be spent in camp, and start made after dark. On a fine night it is delightful to ride through sleeping villages, and along country roads. There is something adventurous about it which appeals strongly to a real boy, even if there is no actual danger. We hope some of our readers will try this kind of an excursion, and if they do that they will send us word about their experiences.

The Traveler's Tour.

This game may be played by any number of persons.

One of the party announces himself the Traveler, and about to take a little tour. He calls upon any of the party for information respecting the objects of the greatest interest to be noticed in the different towns and villages through which he intends passing.

He is given an empty bag, and to each of the persons joining in the game are distributed sets of counters with numbers on. Thus, if twelve persons were playing, the counters required would be up to number twelve, and a set of ones would be given to the first person, twos to the second, threes to the third, and so on.

When the traveler announces the name of the place he intends stopping at, the first person is at liberty to give any information or make any remark respecting it; if he cannot do so, the second person has the chance, or the third, or it passes on until some one is able to speak concerning it. If the traveler considers it correct information, or worthy of notice, he takes from the person one of his counters, as a pledge of the obligation he is under to him. The next person in order to the one who spoke last is to proceed, so as not each time to begin with number one. If no one of the party speaks, the traveler may consider there is nothing worthy of notice at the place he has announced, and he then passes on to another.

After he has reached his destination, he turns out his bag to see which of the party has given him the greatest amount of information, and that person is considered to have won the game, and is entitled to be the traveler in the next game.

If it should happen that two or more persons should have given the same number of counters, those persons are to be allowed in succession to continue to assist the traveler and deposit their pledges, until one alone remains.

The Dwarf.

Just as absurd and ridiculous as the well-known representation of the Giant is that of the Dwarf, and to those who have never before seen it performed the picture is certainly a most bewildering one. The wonderful phenomenon is produced in the following manner: On a table in front of the company the Dwarf makes his appearance, his feet being the hands of one of the two gentlemen who have undertaken to manage the affair. His head is the property of the same gentleman, while his hands belong to the other gentleman, who thrusts them over the shoulders of his companion to take the place of those that are being made to act as feet. Stockings and shoes are, of course put on to these artificial feet, and the little figure is dressed up as well as can be managed, in order to hide the comical way in which the portions of the two individuals are united. For this purpose a child's pinafore will be found as suitable as any thing else. A third person generally takes part in the proceedings as exhibitor, and comes forward to introduce his little friend, perhaps as Count Borowlaski, the Polish dwarf, who lived in the last century, and who was remarkable for his intelligence and wit. This little creature was never more than three feet high, although he lived to be quite old. He was also very highly accomplished and played on the guitar quite proficiently. Or he might be introduced as Nicholas Ferry, the famous French dwarf, who was so small that when he was taken to church to be christened his mother made a bed for him in her sabot, and so comfortable was he in it that for the first six months of his life it was made to serve as a cradle for the little fellow. Sense or nonsense may be improvised on the spot, and made use of in order to render the exhibition a success.

BEST BOOKS.

Rolf House. By Lucy C. Lillie. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1. This is a bright, healthful story in which girls will take an especial interest, and from which boys will not turn away. It is in part a sequel to "Nan," by the same author, and is in every way a helpful, entertaining, and safe story.

Aristocracy in England. By Adam Badeau. New York: Harper & Brothers. People who want to understand the intricate social system and the elaborate laws of society in England will find sufficient information in this volume. The last chapter, on "Gladstone—the Iconoclast," tells how the "Grand Old Man" has played the part of a bull among the delicate wares of England's aristocratic china-shop.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Japan.

(Area, 148,456 sq. miles; population, 36,700,118; ruler, Mikado Mutsu Hito.)

THE empire of Japan consists of four large islands with over three thousand smaller ones lying off the north-eastern coast of Asia. The Islands are of volcanic origin and are subject to frequent earthquakes. The surface is mountainous, but the mountains are generally low and the valleys are extremely fertile. The vegetation is semi-tropical, and tea, silk, wheat, beans, and rice are the principal productions. Agriculture leads all other occupations, but there are valuable mines both of coal and iron, and of the precious metals. Pottery, porcelain, and lacquered wares are famous. With an abundance of raw materials, of corn and wheat, and coal and iron, Japan is a splendidly equipped industrial state.

The Buddhist religion prevails, though the older Shinto faith has many adherents, and Christian missionaries have made many converts. Education is compulsory, and is rapidly becoming general. There are several hundred miles of railroads and many thousand miles of telegraphs in the empire. The government has long been an absolute monarchy, but the mikado has promised reforms which will soon introduce a parliamentary government. Tokio, the capital, is a city of 825,000 inhabitants. Yokahama, Osaka, Nagasaki, Hakodate, and Nugata are important ports which have been opened to foreign trade. The standing army is small, and the navy consists of a few excellent English-built steamers.

The Japanese rulers reckon their descent from the first mikado, who came with an army from the main-land of Asia in 660 B. C., or about the time of Nebuchadnezzar. By the dawn of the Christian era the mikados had consolidated their island empire, and in the fourth century the advanced literature and civilization of China were introduced. A great change came over the government in the seventh century, when the shogun, or imperial general, assumed the actual leadership in the state, the mikado remaining the legal sovereign. The mikado continued to *reign* in the palace, while he and the rest of the people were, in fact, *ruled* by the shoguns. Around the latter grew up a class of military officials who in time received large grants of land and became feudal lords. The Mongol Tartars, fresh from the conquest of China, sent a naval force (1281) to subdue Japan, but a typhoon shattered the fleet and saved the empire. In 1336 the mikado regained for a brief term the authority of which he had been robbed by the usurping shoguns; but a rival claimant to the throne stirred up the civil "War of the Chrysanthemums," which lasted till 1392, when it was settled by a compromise. The shoguns soon regained their power and the mikados were again shut out from participation in the government. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a succession of powerful rulers contributed to the prosperity of Japan. The Portuguese and Dutch were admitted to trading privileges, and the Jesuits were allowed to preach. But in 1653 a conservative policy was adopted; the Christians were murdered and the foreigners expelled. After two hundred years of isolation the gates of the empire were forced open by the Americans under Commodore Perry, who made a treaty with the shogun in 1854. Other nations did the same. The conservatives and the partisans of the mikado, indignant at the shogun's assumption of the right to make treaties, rebelled, and in a short civil war put an end to the power of the shoguns. The mikado became again the sole ruler. He welcomed foreigners in 1870, and in the following year continued his reforms by abolishing the feudal system. Within the last ten years western civilization has made rapid progress in Japan, and the empire seems about to surpass the other nations of Asia and to take position with the liberal states of Europe and America.

The Parliamentary Campaign.

THE elections for the new British Parliament which is to decide the political future of Mr. Gladstone and his measures for the relief of Ireland are already in progress. The campaign which preceded them, though brief, was marked by unusual bitterness of feeling. The coalition of Tories and Liberal seceders, which defeated the second reading of the Home Rule bill, has been maintained in the recent canvass, the combined parties taking the name of "Unionists" and making "the preservation of the empire" their rallying cry. They are united upon no policy, save that of defeating Mr. Gladstone, for while Lord Salisbury advocates another twenty years of coercion, Mr. Chamberlain entertains plans for "Irish legislative councils;" in fact, plans are as numerous as leaders in the "Union" camp.

Mr. Gladstone, who has spoken with his old power in Scotland and in England, endeavors to show that his opponents are only "paper unionists," that is, that they wish to preserve the act of union which prescribes one parliament for the United Kingdom, while they neglect the fact that there can be no real union of the two peoples so long as one party feels itself shamefully wronged in all the affairs of government. The Home Rule bill which was presented and defeated in the recently dissolved Parliament has been abandoned. The premier asks his constituents to indorse only the principle of Home Rule. The details he leaves for the deliberate consideration of Parliament.

The opponents of the policy of the government warn the voters not to place themselves in the power of Mr. Gladstone, who proposes no definite plan for a new Irish bill. They try to dissuade their hearers from choosing representatives whose only pledge is to support Mr. Gladstone blindly in all his undertakings. John Bright, once the earnest co-worker with the premier, is now in opposition, and is out with a letter exhorting Liberals to abandon their unthinking devotion to their leader. Chamberlain and Goschen are working together for the defeat of their former chief.

In Ireland most of the present Parnellite members will be returned without opposition. Large funds have been subscribed in this country to assist the Irish Nationalists in their contests for the remainder of the Irish seats. The Irish vote in England, which is an important factor in elections, and which in the last campaign was cast for the Conservative candidates, will now be thrown solidly for the Ministerialists, as the Gladstonians are called. This transfer of strength is of great importance, and it is upon this together with the support of the masses of newly enfranchised working people that the premier relies for success.

Mr. Gladstone's appeals to the common people—the democracy—are denounced by his opponents, who charge him with introducing class distinctions into the contest. He is said to be working upon the prejudices of the masses, and their antipathy to the wealthy and titled. To this he answers that the strength and pride of England is in her yeomanry, a statement which is far from satisfactory to the dukes and earls who have abandoned the Liberals.

The Conservatives themselves take a less prominent part in the campaign platform work than their allies, the seceding Liberals. This is because there are at present in the Conservative party few men with the talents of Chamberlain, Hartington, and Goschen. Lord Randolph Churchill speaks forcibly and often, denouncing Gladstone as an optimist and a dreamer, weakened by age and denying the debt which he owes to nature. The Irish measures, he says, are the most nefarious plots that have ever originated in Gladstone's imagination, and their success would be the downfall of British glory.

No one ventures to predict the outcome of a struggle so fierce and so full of consequences. In America, where sympathy with Gladstone and his cause prevails, the result is awaited with a peculiar anxiety; for this must be the last campaign in which the "Grand Old Man" will be the leading figure, and this the final struggle of his long career marks a fitting close.

The Count's Protest.

THE Count of Paris, who with his eldest son have been banished from France as the representatives of a former royal family, signalized his departure from his country by an important manifesto, in which he protests vigorously against the harsh policy of the republican government. He relates the disorders and abuses of the republic, and declares that the only hope of France is in the liberal monarchy, of whose principles he is the representative. He concludes: "It is my duty to labor without respite in this work of salvation, and with the aid of God and the co-operation of all those who share my faith in the future I will accomplish it. The republic is afraid. In striking me it marks me out. I have confidence in France, and at the decisive hour I shall be ready."

There is no wonder that the appearance of this document kindled excitement in France. Its closing sentences are strictly true, and the result of the expulsion has been to show the weakness of the present government, and to attach to the exiled princes the glory of a persecution. They had lived on quietly in their own country, never pressing their claims of royal blood, but indicating their high position in Europe by marriage alliances with the royal houses of Denmark, Portugal, and Italy. They always had supporters in the elections, and the Royalist party in the Chambers was considerable. In the October elections of 1885 the Royalist gains frightened the most ardent friends of the republic, who then took up the cry which resulted in the expulsion not only of the Count of Paris and his son, but of the two Bonapartist princes, Jerome and Victor.

The Count of Paris has sought a temporary home in England, where his grandfather, the banished King Louis Philippe, spent the closing years of his life. The Bonapartes will probably find a residence in Geneva, the home of so many Europeans—both nihilists and princes—to whom the Swiss republic furnishes protection.

Pronunciation.

Hă-ko-dā'te.	Nu-gā'tā.
Mi-kā'do (Mē-).	O-sā'kā (-zā').
Nā-gā-sā'ki.	Tō'ki-ō (-ke-).
Neb-ū-chăd-nez'zar.	Yo-ko-hā'ma.

Publishers' Department.

OUR YOUTH,

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers,

805 Broadway, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, - - - $1 25 per year.
Write for sample copies and terms to agents.

ADVERTISING RATES: Single insertions, 20 cents per agate line. Special rates on large orders.

We have a few complete sets of the numbers of the

FIRST VOLUME

OF

OUR YOUTH,

which we have had

BOUND IN FULL CLOTH.

All subscribers who did not commence with the first number of OUR YOUTH would do well to

Procure this Bound Volume,

And so *make their sets complete* from the beginning of the paper.

We can supply the bound volume, in either

Blue or Brown Cloth, post-paid, for **$1 50.**

PHILLIPS & HUNT, New York.

C. L. S. C.
COURSE OF READING

For 1886-'87.

REQUIRED READINGS.

PRICES TO MEMBERS.

BOUND IN CLOTH.

Walks and Talks in the Geological Field. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D., of Michigan University. Crown 8vo	$1 00
Recreations in Astronomy. By Henry W. Warren, D.D., LL.D. 12mo	1 00
Sketches from English History. By Prof. A. M. Wheeler, A.M., of Yale College. (Not required of Class 1887.) Crown 8vo	1 25
English Literature. By Prof. H. A. Beers, A.M., of Yale. 16mo	60
Classic French Course in English. By Dr. W. C. Wilkinson. 16mo	60
Warren Hastings. By Lord Macaulay. (Special C. L. S. C. Edition.) 16mo	40
A Short History of the Early Church. By J. F. Hurst, D.D., LL.D. 16mo	40
The Christian Religion. By George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. 16mo	50
Required Readings in *The Chautauquan*	1 50

On receipt of price will send free of express or postage.

PHILLIPS & HUNT,
805 Broadway, New York.

1860. THE WASHINGTON 1886.

Life Insurance Company of New York,

Office, 21 Courtlandt St.

W. A. BREWER, JR., *Pres't*, WILLIAM HAXTUN, *Vice-Pres't*, CYRUS MUNN, *Ass't Sec.*,
E. S. FRENCH, *Sup't*, I. C. PIERSON, *Actuary*, B. W. M'CREADY, M.D., *Med. Examiner.*

ASSETS, - - - - - - - $8,000,000.

Salient features in the policy of the Washington that commend it to the attention of all contemplating insurance.

1st. Dividends annually at the end of the first and each succeeding year. 2d. The dividends of The Washington may be applied to the payment of the premium. 3d. If not so applied, they purchase additional insurance. 4th. If used to purchase additional insurance, THEY ARE RECONVERTIBLE INTO CASH FOR THEIR ORIGINAL AMOUNT. 5th. If the premium be unpaid when due, THE WHOLE OF THE CASH DIVIDEND TO THE CREDIT OF A POLICY IS APPLIED TO CONTINUE THE INSURANCE FOR THE FULL AMOUNT AS SO MUCH PREMIUM UNTIL EXHAUSTED. 6th. The fact that a policy has dividends to its credit is authority for this company, BY VIRTUE OF THE POLICY CONTRACT, TO APPLY THEIR FULL CASH VALUE TO THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS *without written directions from the party insured.* 7th. A policy in The Washington while held by dividends may be continued WITHOUT MEDICAL RE-EXAMINATION, by payment of the balance of the premium due. 8th. The cash value of accumulated dividends will be paid on demand, provided premiums are paid to date.

"The Washington Illustrated Almanac for 1886" sent gratis, in answer to requests addressed to the Company or its Agents.

Fort Edward Collegiate Institute.

Superb new brick buildings, steam-heated, thirteen teachers. College, preparatory, commercial, and other graduating courses. Four literary societies. Music, Art, Oratory. Twenty-ninth year September 13. Address

JOSEPH E. KING, D.D.,
Fort Edward, N. Y.

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION. *Thorough training for Voice, Body, and Mind;* 8 regular teachers; 40 hours' work weekly; Library; Loan Fund to aid advanced students; 130 students, 37 college graduates; electives for every need; advanced courses for graduates. *Catalogue free.* Address S. S. CURRY, Ph.D., Freeman Place, Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Summer session at Martha's Vineyard, July 12, five weeks; two hours a day in Delsarte Method of training, one in Voice, one in Vocal Expression; Course in Methods of Teaching Elocution, Readings, Lectures, etc. Send for particulars.

GRAY'S INDELIBLE INK

For Marking Linen, Cotton, and all Cloth Goods with a Common Pen.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS

For Sale by all Stationers.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., 26 John St., N.Y.

In ordering goods, or in making inquiry concerning any thing advertised in this paper, you will oblige the publishers, as well as the advertiser, by stating that you saw the advertisement in OUR YOUTH.

Subscribers who have preserved the successive issues of

OUR YOUTH

for the first *SIX MONTHS* can, by sending us

FIFTY CENTS,

procure a

COVER FOR BINDING

them in a style uniform with our

Bound Volumes,

And with the succeeding volumes. These covers are lettered in gilt with the title of the paper and the year of publication. The unbound numbers of OUR YOUTH can be sent to the bindery nearest your residence and bound in this cover at a very slight expense, making a very handsome and at the same time a very strong volume.

Price of the cover, **Blue or Brown Cloth,** post-paid, **Fifty Cents.**

PHILLIPS & HUNT, New York.

Moore's Pilules, positive cure for **CHILLS** never fails. Dr. C. C. Moore, N.Y. City

UNDOING CAPTIVITY.

Send 30 cts. to W. H. Newlin, Danville, Ill., for account of 30 days and nights of "Secret Service" (early in 1864); *two comrades* failed. Seven copies, post-paid, $1.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO SELL

MANY MISTAKES MENDED

In reading, writing, and speaking. Large 12mo. Only $1. By mail. N. TIBBALS & SONS, New York.

THE Send 10 cents for copy of *Penman's Art Journal*

205 $1.00

BROADWAY · NEW-YORK · FOR ONE YEAR ·

The best aid to good writing published.

PERRY & Co's STEEL PENS

Of Superior Quality. 24 Samples different styles, for trial, including the famous "**U,**" **Falcon,** and **Stub** pens, by mail, on receipt of 20 cents. Ask for Card No. 13.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & Co., *Sole Agents.* 753 B'WAY, N.Y.

USE A BINDER.

Subscribers wishing to keep their copies of OUR YOUTH in good condition, and have them at hand for reference, should use a binder. We can send by mail, postage-paid, a strong, plain binder, with the name OUR YOUTH stamped on the side in gilt, for **One Dollar.** These binders have been made expressly for OUR YOUTH, and are of the best manufacture. The papers can be placed in the binder week by week, thus keeping the file complete. Address

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers of Our Youth,
805 Broadway, New York.

Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Bar-gains—Saloon-keepers' profits.

—"Another tie up!" shouted a newsboy, as a man passed whose necktie had mounted above his standing collar.—*Texas Siftings.*

—An undertaker has invented a small cast-iron cannon for boys. At least we suppose the inventor is an undertaker. His profession would naturally make more money out of such an invention than either the doctor or the coroner.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Little girl—"Mamma, why doesn't the sea run over if all the water flows into it?"

"Nonsense, child. Don't you know its full of sponges?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Horse dealer—"That hoss! Why, sir; he's one of the best animals I ever had my hands on."

Purchaser—"How is he on the road?"

Horse dealer—"My, he's one of the best rodents you ever see!"—*Tid-Bits.*

—Uncle Rastus—"Has yo' enny 'jections, Mistah Lightweight, ter trustin' me fer a haf poun' smokin' terbacco till day arter ter-morrow at quatah pas' foah?"

Grocer—"I couldn't do it, Uncle Rastus. You owe me money now. When you want to get trusted you come to me, and when you've got cash you go somewhere else."

Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah. I b'lieves in dividin' up my trade. I gives some ob it ter one gemmen an' some ob it ter a nudder. I don'wan' ter show no p'shallity, sah."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A cheese factory is to be started at Caraccas, South America. The natives will then live no doubt on Caraccas and cheese.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

—"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"For a new bonnet, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"If you'll pay for the bonnet, sir," she said.

"I've twenty dollars, my pretty maid."
"I'm afraid you can't go, Mr. Man," she said.
—*Palmer Journal.*

—She Didn't Think it was Good.—Farmer—"This is last night's milk, ladies. You will find it nice and rich."

Young lady from the city—"Ugh! Don't drink that! Look at that thick, ugly scum on top!"—*Tid-Bits.*

—Table Amenities.—Boarder—"These berries I believe are from Florida. I am told they are shipped here in refrigerator cars. They have certainly come a long way."

Landlady—"Yes, and they would certainly go much further if you wouldn't help yourself so liberally."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A Chicago man, recently back from Europe, was asked what he thought of the scenery in Switzerland. "I don't think much of it," he said; "it's too hilly. Give me Illinois for scenery every time."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—A windy contributor enters an editorial room. "Whew," said he, panting, "that long stair-way makes me blow."

Editor—"Ah! if that's what makes you blow I'll have it taken down; I am glad you have discovered the cause."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A little girl greeted her mother's return from a shopping expedition the other day with the news, "Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. called while you were gone."

"Did they. I hope you answered, 'Quite well, I thank you,' when they asked how you were."

"N-o, mamma, I don't think I did."

"And didn't you kiss them nicely?"

"N-o, mamma, I didn't."

"Well [impatiently], what did you do, you ill-mannered little girl? I fear you quite disgraced your poor mother."

"O no, mamma; I did not. I talked to them in the same dressy tone that you use when company comes."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Smith—"I say, Brown, did I leave my umbrella at your house last night?"

Brown—"You left an umbrella, Smith, but I don't know whether it is yours or not."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—In Russia it is never asked, "What's in a name?" It is taken for granted that it's the whole alphabet. —*Binghamton Republican.*

THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.
A Sure Preventive of
CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mothers' milk.

It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25cts., 50cts., $1 00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of Infants and Invalids.

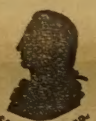
WELLS, RICHARDSON, & CO., Burlington, Vt.

FOR DYSPEPSIA,

Mental and Physical Exhaustion,

Nervousness, Weakened Energy,

INDIGESTION, Etc.



Horsford's

ACID PHOSPHATE.

A liquid preparation of the phosphates and phosphoric acid.

Recommended by physicians.

It makes a delicious drink.

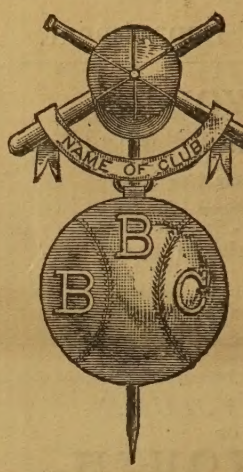
Invigorating and strengthening.

Pamphlet free.

For sale by all dealers.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



CHAMPION
BASE BALL
BADGE,

Nickel-Plated, each 10 cts., 3 for 25 cts., 9 for 50 cts., 1 doz. 60 cts.

Base Ball Caps and Belts, each 10 cts., 15 cts., and 25 cts.; per doz., 60 cts., $1 50, and $2 50.

Catcher's Gloves, 25 cts. and 50 cts. per pair.

All the above sent by mail, postage paid. For a complete list of all our goods, send for 1886 Catalogue, 320 large pages, 5,000 illustrations, covers printed in 15 different colors, sent by mail, 25cts. (stamps taken).

PECK & SNYDER,
Cut full size—exact. 126-130 Nassau Street, N. Y.
Mention OUR YOUTH.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE
Of any kind, send stamp to A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio, for large Illustrated Price List of NEW and SECOND-HAND MACHINES. Second-hand BICYCLES taken in exchange. BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated.

PHOTO OUTFITS, $14 00.
Complete with all accessories.
Specimen Picture of N. Y. and Brooklyn Bridge, and our Illustrated Catalogue, for 25 cts.
LOEBER BROS., 119 & 121 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS
TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

In ordering goods, or in making inquiry concerning any thing advertised in this paper, you will oblige the publishers, as well as the advertiser, by stating that you saw the advertisement in OUR YOUTH.

SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

James McCreery & Co.

OFFER, PREVIOUS TO THEIR REGULAR SUMMER INVENTORY, EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

A LARGE VARIETY OF FANCY SUITINGS AT 50 cts., 75 cts., $1, and $1 25 PER YARD, REDUCED FROM $1, $1 25, $2, AND $2 25 PER YARD, RESPECTIVELY.

ALSO OFFER 1,000 YARDS PRINTED CHINA PONGEE SILKS—DARK COLORS—AT 75 cts. PER YARD; REDUCED FROM $1 25.

Broadway & 11th Street, N. Y.

OUR YOUTH—Special Offer.

We will send OUR YOUTH to any person who will send us his or her name and address and FIFTY CENTS, from June 1 to December 1, 1886. Further, any person who will send us the names and addresses of ten new subscribers for OUR YOUTH under the above special offer, with FIVE DOLLARS, will receive an extra copy of the paper for the same time, free of charge. This subscription will cover all of the numbers of OUR YOUTH containing the new serial story "NO," by Rose Terry Cooke, author of "Happy Dodd," etc. For sample copies and terms to agents or clubs, address

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers, 805 Broadway, New York.